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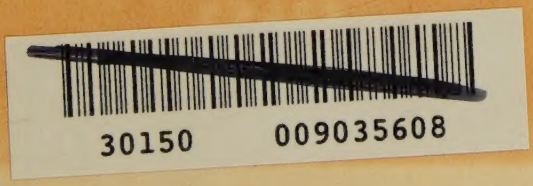

LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LORD HUNTINGDON

D. 4098/14

Letters
of LORD CHESTERFIELD
TO LORD HUNTINGDON

WITH INTRODUCTION & NOTES *by* A. FRANCIS STEUART

Now for the first time published

LONDON
THE MEDICI SOCIETY LIMITED
7 GRAFTON ST. W. 1
& AT 755 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, U.S.A.
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INTRODUCTION

These letters of "the great" Lord Chesterfield to Lord Huntingdon are now printed for the first time, with the full permission of the Countess of Loudoun in whose archives they were found, her ancestress having been the sister of the Earl to whom the letters were addressed. It is right that they should be printed, if only to compare them with Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son which are so well known, and have been so much criticised, for the letters published here were written to the young man whom the writer intended to be his son's protector and patron through life.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, called by Dr. Johnson, although he had failed the great lexicographer as a patron, "a Wit among Lords and a Lord among Wits," was known best to his own generation as the brilliant writer and as, eventually, the successful rival of Walpole. He was the son of Philip, the 3rd Earl, and Lady Elizabeth Saville. Born 22nd September, 1694, he was educated carefully by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax, and

and acquired a perfect knowledge of his own language and French before he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, which he left when he was nineteen. His public life began in 1715, when he became M.P. for St. Germans, and later for Lostwithiel, where he remained until 1723. He was made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George II), 1715, and held that position until 1723. He succeeded his father on his death in 1724. He then became Lord of the Bedchamber to George II, now King, 1727-30, and was made Ambassador in 1728 to Holland. There he led an extravagant life and had a liaison with "a beautiful young lady at the Hague," Mlle. du Bouchet (who survived him, unmarried, and to whom by his will he left £500 "as a small reparation of the injury I did her"), and by her had a natural son, Philip Stanhope (born in 1732), whose education and worldly advancement became later one of the chief occupations of his life. He was dismissed from office by the King ostensibly on account of his opposition to Walpole's Excise Bill, but Court gossip had it because he leaned more on the King's mistress and her influence rather than on that of Queen Caroline, the King's consort. In 1733 he further annoyed the King by marrying the rich Melusina, Countess

Countess of Walsingham, daughter[9] of the richer Ehrengard Melusina von der Schulenburg, Duchess of Kendal, and generally believed to be a natural daughter of King George I, and so the King's half-sister. The bride was a spinster of about forty, and the match wholly a worldly one, but as we shall see, though he had other attractions, Lord Chesterfield always showed his wife *des égards*, and with these she was probably sufficiently contented.

Now in Opposition, Chesterfield worried Walpole as a terrier worries a rat. He stood up against him in the debate of the Bill for Licensing Theatres, and his speech made him the friend of every man of letters, who knew him to be their *confrère*. In 1739 he commenced the famous letters to his son (first published in 1774), and in 1742 on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole he recommenced public life, going in 1745 as Envoy to the Hague and in 1745-6 as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In that "grave of reputations" his tenure of office, in spite of the Jacobite risings in Scotland and the march to Derby, was wonderfully successful. In 1746 he was Secretary of State and declined a Dukedom.

[9] Lord Hervey always alludes to her discretely as the Duchess of Kendall's "niece." Lord Chesterfield in his "Characters" describes the Duchess as "very little above an idiot."

He

He resigned on 6th February, 1748, owing to his opposition to the American Tax. In 1754 (as we shall see in one of the letters), if not before, deafness, a hereditary evil, began to fall on him, and it increased so much that he wrote on May 2nd, 1755, "Public life and I are parted for ever." Henceforward his life was one of horticulture, reading and writing innumerable and inimitable letters. He managed, however, in spite of his withdrawal from public life, to effect a reconciliation, in 1757, between the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt, but letters took up most of his time. Besides those before us, he continued those to his son. In 1761 he began a series of letters to his godson (and eventual heir), Philip Stanhope (born in 1755). His son died in 1768 and the father found that all the worldly wisdom he had tried to impart had been quite thrown away, as the son had made a secret marriage and left a wife and two sons. To these he was helpful if not kindly, but his life's work was done, and he died at Chesterfield House, Mayfair (which he had built from the design of Isaac Ware), 24th March, 1773. His wife survived him and died without issue, 16th September, 1778.

And now we come to the recipient of the letters of Lord Chesterfield which are in this volume. It is more difficult to say much about

about him, as he left no fame as a splendid Latinist, English writer, courtier, and politician as did his correspondent. He was simply a great English noble of the time, a charming fellow and beloved by his contemporaries (and elders) who thought his personality worth cultivating. He was the eldest of three brothers (and a sister of Elizabeth, Countess of Moira, who became his heiress and was ancestress of the present Countess of Loudoun). Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of Huntingdon, sprang from a long line of great men in whose blood was traced royal descent. He was born in 1728, and was styled Lord Hastings until his father, Theophilus, 9th Earl of Huntingdon, died 13th October, 1746. His mother, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was a woman of mark. She survived her husband forty-five years, and was famous for her Methodist proclivities. This brought all the wits of the age on her track, for not only was she a woman of rank as daughter and co-heir of Washington Shirley, 2nd Earl Ferrers, by Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Levinge, Bart., but rank and religion were thought to be only officially united in a cynical age, nay more, the wits fancied a piquancy was added to her Methodism when her half-mad cousin (curiously enough Horace Walpole calls her Lord Ferrers' "Aunt"), the 3rd Earl Ferrers,

Ferrers, was hanged in 1760, for the murder of his steward. She persevered, however, in her protection of Mr. Whitfield and such Calvanistic Methodists, and at her death in 1791 at the age of eighty-three left most of her fortune to perpetuate them in "Lady Huntingdon's Connection" as it was called. It will be seen that Lord Chesterfield never decrys her religious enthusiasm (which was regarded as a terrible thing by his contemporaries) in his letters to her son, though it was little enough in his line.

Horace Walpole mentions Lord Huntingdon's appearance on the social stage in England in a letter of 6th December, 1753, to Sir Horace Mann :—

"There are New young lords, Fresh and fresh. Two of them are much in vogue : Lord Huntingdon and Lord Stormont. I supped with them at Lady Caroline Petersham's : The latter is most cried up . . . . . The Other is very lively and very agreeable."

And it was to this very lively and very agreeable youth that Lord Chesterfield in 1749 began the series of letters that follow. His correspondent was just twenty. There were several reasons for the interest Chesterfield took in the brilliant boy. In the first place Lord Huntingdon had been at school with Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's son and pupil, at Westminster, before the Earl

Earl went on to Oxford. He wished to make Huntingdon a friend of his son, and afterwards to become his patron. Then he loved training a clever youth for the Court, which was the way he thought all nobles ought to be trained. So he did his best by Lord Huntingdon with worldly advice during his travels, and with counsels for his future. But there is this difference between these letters and those to his son. These are written, with deference, to a social equal, full of sententious and cynical advice, no doubt, but advice that might be rejected. The famous letters to his son were (though the son did not follow them) written to a dependent pupil who was expected to obey.

But there was another reason that interested the worldly old Earl in the young Huntingdon to whom, in one letter, he wishes to place himself *in loco parentis*. Lord Chesterfield's chief friend, to whom he dedicated his lyric "When Fanny blooming fair," was the boy's grand-aunt, the great beauty, Lady Frances Shirley, eleventh daughter of the 1st Earl Ferrers, and aunt of Lady Huntingdon. Their wonderful friendship began early in the lives of both, when Lady Fanny was in the height of her loveliness, and it lasted until Lord Chesterfield's death in a way that made his contemporaries wonder. It is alluded to in Sir George Hanbury Williams'

Williams' poem, " Isabella, or the Morning," which shows the *suivants* of Isabella (Montagu), Duchess of Manchester, entertaining Her Grace with the town gossip. The passage runs :—

His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
Then opens with preliminary chat :
" I'm glad to see Your Grace—the Gen'ral too.
" Old Charles, how is it ? Dicky ! how d'ye do ?
" Madam, I hear that you were at the play,
" You did not say one word on't yesterday ;
" I went, who'd no engagement any where,
" To th' Opera."—" Were there many people there ? "
The Duchess cry'd.—" Yes, Madam, a great many,"
Says Lovel. " There were Chesterfield and Fanny
" In that eternal whisper which begun
" Ten years ago, and never will be done ;
" For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,
" Still he has ever something new to say ;
" There's nothing upon earth so hard to me,
" As keeping up discourse eternally ;
" He never lets the conversation fall,
" And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball ;
" I saw that her replies were never long,
" And with her eyes she answer'd for her tongue ;
" Poor I ! am forc'd to keep my distance now,
" She won't ev'n curt'sy if I make a bow."

" Why, things are strangely chang'd," the Gen'ral cry'd ;
" Ay, *fortune de la guerre*," my lord reply'd ;
" But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,
" As we both did some twenty years ago."
" And take off twenty years," reply'd her Grace,
" 'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face ;
" My Lord, you never see her but at night,
" By th' advantageous help of candle-light :
Drest

" Drest out with ev'ry aid that is adorning,—
" Oh, if your lordship saw her in a morning!
" It is no more than Fanny once so fair;
" No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there;
" But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
" Repentance, love and disappointment speak."

This intimacy, extinguished only by death, puzzled the wits very much. Lady Fanny, in her later years, tried the anodyne of Lady Huntingdon's Methodism, and died, aged 72, in 1778, having, as Horace Walpole rather spitefully says, forgotten all about her religion though she still remembered her past beauty when all men were at her feet. He even wrote :—

" Here Fanny, 'ever blooming fair,'
Ejaculates the graceful prayer;
And 'scaped from sense—with nonsense smit
For Whitfield's cant, leaves Stanhope's wit."

It is but right to say, however, that she left her fortune to her niece, the Countess of Huntingdon, who used it for her religious schemes.

From one cause to another, Lord Chesterfield loved the young Lord Huntingdon. He lavished advice (as we shall see) on him. His letters are intimate yet frank. He left Lord Huntingdon in his will the following charge : " I desire that my Noble friend, Francis Earl of Huntingdon and Sir Charles Hotham, shall have absolute direction of the education

education of my godson, Philip Stanhope, until he shall attain the age of twenty-one years; as I know no persons more capable of giving him the sentiments and manners of a gentleman." Lord Huntingdon was Master of the Horse to George, Prince of Wales, 1756-60, and to King George III, 1760-61. He had many other honours. He died suddenly, aged 60, 2nd October, 1789, unmarried.

It is interesting to notice the change in the dating of the letters from "Old Style" to "New Style," when we remember that Lord Chesterfield was the chief abettor of the Act "for regulating the commencement of the year," which created the calendar as we know it, and became law by the Act, 27 George II, 1751.

It is strange to find in Lord Chesterfield's letters, as in those of Horace Walpole, the Anglicism "Madame Maintenon," "Madame Monconseil" is used. Both knew French as well as English, so we are left to believe that it was not carelessness but a slang term written in joke to an intimate friend.

That his knowledge of the French people was profound is shown when he prophesies the Revolution. He knew that, Monarchy once removed, the French would rush into every kind of excess as they did. It shows however

however no little acumen to foretell it so many years before.

All these letters are addressed to the young Lord Huntingdon except one concerning him sent to Sir William Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's brother. It is therefore deservedly included in this collection.

A. Francis Steuart.

LETTERS FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LORD HUNTINGDON

London, June y^e^ 26TH, OS 1749

MY DEAR LORD,

I have received, I do not say the honour (for I cannot write to you in that style) but the pleasure of your letter, and a real pleasure it was. I grew impatient to hear of your health and your motions, but knew no body who could inform me of either, Lady Huntingdon being at Bristol, and the warm and sincere part that I take in both, had determined me to address myself to the Fountain head; accordingly I was sitting down to write to you, when your letter came in, and saved me the indiscretion. A thousand thanks to you, My dear Lord, for that mark of your remembrance and friendship; believe me, mine will attend you faithfully wherever you go.

You have done very prudently in leaving Caen and going to a place where you are under a necessity of speaking and hearing only

only French; that necessity will teach you the language sooner than the best Master. And I would advise you to continue under that necessity, till the facility of speaking French delivers you from the temptation of speaking English. The French language (by the way) is the only thing you will get from the good Cordeliers, who are in general grossly ignorant, as indeed are all the regular Popish Clergy, except the Jesuits, the Benedictines and the Pères de L'Oratoire. The Professor of Divinity of a Convent of Augustins at Lisle showed me in their polyglott Bible the Greek for the Hebrew and the Hebrew for the Greek. I gently hinted my doubts that he was mistaken, but he assured me that he was not, and I submitted.

Your Lordship will daily find more and more the utility, not to say the necessity, of modern languages and modern history. Greek, Latin and ancient history are ornamental in the opinion of the world and pleasing in one's own closet. The title, too, of a good scholar makes a figure among the other titles of a man of quality, and the more so as it is very rare; but in the common course of life, whether in pleasures or in business, modern languages and modern history, are the useful, I might say the necessary parts of knowledge.

Your

Your observation of the undisguised vanity of the French is a very just one; it is the avowed motive of most of their actions; but, however, it produces very good effects, and wherever I reap the benefit of the effects, I will not quarrel with the causes. Moreover, I fear that if we were to inquire too strictly into the causes of most human actions, the discovery would rather be mortifying than satisfactory; it is certain that the vanity which the French have, in being reckoned the best bred, makes them in truth the most engaging people in the world, especially to strangers. You will find them still more so than any body, as you will make their judgment co-operate with their vanity.

Permit me My dear Lord, as a faithful friend and servant, to recommend to you, a suspension of your classical and academical studies while you are abroad; you have a sufficient stock of them already to live nobly upon whenever you shall think fit. Divide your present time between reading the State of Europe from Charlemagne downwards, and learning the present world by seeing it with your own eyes. Read men and women, but read the latter *unbound* for some years at least. Wherever you go the best companies are the best books you can study.

A fever

A fever seized me the day after I received the pleasure of your letter, and hindered me from acknowledging it sooner. It has not yet quite left me, but it is so much abated that I hope to be entirely free from it in three or four days. I am still very weak, and go tomorrow to Black Heath[3] for a week, where the air and the idleness will, I hope, restore my strength and spirits.

Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you whenever you have any idle time upon your hands, or whenever I can be of any use to you here by executing your orders. Your own health and happiness are my first care. My second will ever be to convince you of the true affection, honour, and esteem, with which I am

My dear Lord

Your most faithfull humble servant."

CHESTERFIELD.

[3] LORD CHESTERFIELD *succeeded to his Villa at Blackheath, where he grew to be an accomplished gardener, rearing melons and pines, on the death of his brother, John, Commissioned to the Admiralty, in* 1748.

London, August y^e 31ST, *OS* 1749

MY DEAR LORD,

Though you do not yet speak French readily, which it is impossible you should do, considering the little time that you have been in France, yet I find that you judge already very correctly both of the French and their language. A happy people, always pleased, and therefore often pleasing! A language of phrases which often supply the place of wit, and sometimes conceal the want even of common sense. The late Duke of Richmond[3] (whom I well remember) was very near a wit in French, and very near a fool in English. You observe very justly that a man can never bear his own part in a conversation where he is not perfect master of the language. He must necessarily be much below himself not only where his thoughts are cramped for want of common expression, but even where they are deprived of those ornaments and graces, which purity and elegancy of diction give them. You therefore do extremely right to go to those places where the constant necessity of speaking French will the soonest make you master of that now most necessary language. That great

great share of classical and academical knowledge which you have already acquired will be an ornament to your character and an agreeable refuge for your leisure hours; but the thorough knowledge of modern languages, modern history and geography, and the manners and characters of the present times, can alone enable you to make that figure which your rank entitles, and your talents qualify you to make in the world. Let Homer, who sometimes nods, sleep soundly upon your shelf for three or four years, and let useful facts and dates from Charlemain down to this day, take place of useless and endless metaphysical researches and jargon. That dissipation which you seem to confess as a fault I cannot in the least look upon in that light; your dissipation will I am sure never be of the frivolous and unprofitable kind; for it will be in good company, and consequently teach you the manners and characters of the age you live in which no theory or speculations can teach. As soon as you have conquered the first difficulties of the French language, I could wish that you would either return to Caen, or go to some other Academy where you might for a year take your exercises of riding, fencing and dancing, things in themselves of no great intrinsic use, but which still a man of your fashion ought to be master of to a certain degree. Pardon me My dear Lord

Lord for pretending to give advice to you who want it less than any man I ever knew of your age ; but people of mine are inclined to prate, and your indulgence to the liberties I have formerly taken has not only encouraged but hardened me, so that I fear I shall go on, confident that you will receive as a friend, what you are very sure comes from a very faithful one. Upon that right and title singly, I will presume to tell you, that I have heard it whispered among women that you have not wrote to Lady Huntingdon above once since you left England. And you may be very sure that those who whisper blame it. Other, more rational creatures than women may possibly blame it too when they know it, if it be true ; and as I would not have you do, or omit any one thing, for which any one reasonable body may with but seeming justice blame you, forgive me My dear Lord, if I take the liberty of begging you, for your own sake, to write to her from time to time with marks of affection. I neither know nor inquire how you are together ; but be that as it will, my concern is only that you may appear blameless. One must sometimes sacrifice a little to appearances. Socrates thought it right to do it, even when he was dying.

I now hesitate whether I shall send this impertinent letter to the post. Your good sense encourages me to do it. You will not, I am

I am sure, impute to the officiousness of pretended friendship what flows only from those sincere sentiments of esteem, affection, and real friendship, with which I am My dear Lord most faithfully yours."

CHESTERFIELD

[9] CHARLES DUKE OF RICHMOND (1672–1723), *son of Charles II and the Duchess of Portsmouth. Macky* ("*Characters*") *says he was "good natured to a fault, very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business; very credulous." Swift, however, calls him "a shallow coxcomb."*

London, March y^e 26TH, *OS* 1750

WELLCOME MY DEAR LORD,

Welcome, my dear lord, to Caen, and may half a dozen of the blithest Marquises there make you amends for the loss of Berenice. In this victory over yourself you have excelled Titus, who was not near so young when *Invitus Invitam dimisit*, and you are so likely to equal him in all other respects, that for the sake of mankind, I could almost wish you ill enough to wish you his power.

Your

Your notion of our parties is so just that one would think you must have been concerned with them all, to know them so well; but yet as things are circumstanced here, it will be impossible for you not to adopt to a certain degree some one. In business one must have connections, and party forms those connections; the difference is that a fool embraces with zeal the errors of his party, a knave, the guilt, but a man of sense and virtue the general principle only, and therefore he adopts that party whose general principle he knows to be right. The natural rights and liberty of mankind are the true objects of Whiggism, for which reason your own good sense and virtue made you adopt that party in spite of all the prejudices of a Westminster and Oxford education, but not without seeing the knavery, or the folly of most of the individuals, who either bubbled or bribed, often act directly contrary to the right principles which they profess. Cicero reckons *Idem sentire de Republica* one of the strongest bonds of friendship, but I fear that now *Idem sentire de re privata* is the strongest, if not the only cement of our political connections. Besides, the present extraordinary and disjointed state of things here, (which by the way cannot last very long as it is) makes a man of fashion's first setting out in the busy world very difficult and delicate. It is upon his first setting out, that

that his subsequent character, and figure in a great measure depend, and I am therefore extremely glad that you have no thoughts of returning here at this time. Travel on my dear Lord for a couple of years more at least, and add to your own great natural and acquired talents, the languages, the characters, and the manners of those several nations of Europe with whom you may probably hereafter have a great deal to do. See with your own eyes, which is much better than reading, their constitutions, their maxims and their manner of government. As for their histories, do not be discouraged by that imperfect memory which you complain of, read them and I will answer for your remembering whatever you ought to remember. Memory is only attention, and you will, I am sure give attention wherever it is due. Let compilers and commentators stuff their empty heads with trifling and uninteresting facts and dates; you will distinguish which are worth retaining, those you will attend to, and those you will retain.

How long do you propose staying at Caen? Were I impertinent enough to advise, you would stay till Michaelmas next, by which time you will be so much master of the language and the exercises, that Paris, where I would wish you to pass all the next winter, would have nothing left to do but give the last

last finishing touches to both. While you are at Paris, I would wish you to give one hour every day to an Italian master, that you might have some knowledge of that language before you go into that country, where it is almost the only one that is spoke. If from Paris in the month of May 1751 you allot the remainder of the summer for the Provinces in your way to Italy, you may cross the Alps at a very proper season, the beginning of September, free from the heats or the snows. Can you my dear Lord forgive an old fellow this impertinent didactical sort of letter, which could only become him to a son of his own ? Believe but one truth, and you will. I love you as well. I interest myself as tenderly in whatever concerns you, and shall be while I live with the truest esteem and affection, my dear Lord, Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD

Postscript.—Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments and thanks to you.

*London, May y^e^* 16TH, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

I most gladly and gratefully accept the flattering appellation with which you honour me

me in your last letter ; I wish I deserved it better, I was going to say even, literally, if my more than paternal affection for you had not checked that wish. It was glorious enough for the Scipio family to have adopted Æmilianus.

I am very glad that my thoughts concerning your future motions coincided so perfectly with your own, and I am therefore sure that I was right. Paris (as you will make it) is now the place of all Europe, the properest for you. Your edifice is so solidly founded, and so strongly built, that you have nothing now to think of but the ornaments ; and as mankind is made, they are the striking, and consequently not inconsiderable parts of the whole. The Foundling Hospital is as strong, and undoubtedly a much more useful building than the Banqueting House ; but the outside of the latter universally prevails, over the inside of the former. The French politeness, compliments, phrases, &c. are but poor embellishments, when unsupported by parts and knowledge, but when they adorn a merit like yours, in my mind they give perfection. It is in this view that I send an old schoolfellow of yours, my boy,[3] to the Academy at Paris next October. He has a great stock both of antient and modern learning, but a very small one yet, of manners, and of that useful knowledge, the knowledge of the world. Let me most earnestly

earnestly recommend him, my dear Lord, to your countenance, favour, and if he deserves it, friendship. Consider him as one absolutely belonging to you, and whose character you may establish in the world, by the force of your own. I have pointed you out to him as his patron and his model; if he comes but near the one, he will be worthy of the other; and in the tenderest wishes that I can form for him, I cannot think of a better, than that he may be reckoned *a friend of Lord Huntingdon's*. Miss Pitt the Maid of Honour to the late Queen,[99] will be at Paris with Madame de Mirepoix—the French Ambassadress,[999] about the time that you will get there; you are acquainted with her, and she will, I am sure, with great pleasure, bring you acquainted with the best company at Paris; but however I would recommend to you to get as many letters as you can from the people of fashion at Caen to their friends and relations at Paris. Such introductions are useful to those few travellers, who like you go to Paris to see the French and not the English.

Is there another Berenice to be dismissed when you leave Caen or several? The more, the more easily they are parted with.

Lady Chesterfield, and Camden House, charge me with their compliments and thanks to you. Accept my sincerest wishes for every thing

thing that you wish yourself. Your faithfull friend and servant

CHESTERFIELD

PHILIP STANHOPE, *born* 1732. *The son of Lord Chesterfield and Mlle. Du Bouchet. He died in* 1768. *It was to him that the celebrated "Letters" by his father, first printed in* 1774, *were addressed. They were commenced* 17 *October*, 1739.

ANN, *daughter of Robert Pitt of Boconnock and Harriet Villiers, was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline and Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales.*

ANNE MARGUERITE DE BEAUVEAU-CRAON, *married first the Prince de Lixin, secondly* (1739) *the Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix.*

London, September y^e 3RD, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

My inclinations would lead me to write to you much oftener, but my discretion ought (it may be) to hinder me from writing to you so often. Forgot by and forgetting both the polite and the political world, my letters can

can neither give you amusement nor information. They can only tell you how much I love, honour and esteem you, and you know that already. You make me very happy, My dear Lord, in the friendship and protection which you promise me for my boy. If he deserves them they will be the greatest advantages that I could procure him, and if he does not, of which no man living can judge better than yourself, do not throw them away upon him. But in the meantime look upon him eventually as your dependent, your client, your creature, for those are my instructions to him. He will be in La Guerinière's Academy at Paris about the end of October, or the beginning of November next, which I think is much about the time that you propose being there. Paris is now a properer sphere for you to move in than Caen, as you have gone through the necessary gradations to the best companies which are only to be found in the great capitals. I hope that your distrust of your own memory as to facts and dates does not discourage you from the study of history, chronology and geography; the only study (I will venture to say it) that can be of use to you these thirty years. Shut up your classical and philosophical books, which are merely ornamental, and of which you are already more than sufficiently master, and lay them by, till either a disgust of business, or a satiety

satiety of the world, makes you open them again in your own closet, as a decent, an elegant, and a comfortable refuge. History, chronology, or geography, unconnected with each other, or not extended beyond the bounds of one country, are severally difficult, and indeed useless to retain. But when supported by each other, and combined with those of other countries, their relations help, nay force the memory. By history I mean modern history only, and by modern history I mean almost only that of the last three hundred years. Remoter history deserves only a general knowledge, and indeed a general notion, and that too a very doubtful one, is all that can be had of it. I would give myself very little trouble about the history of England before the reign of Henry the 4th, that of France before the reign of Lewis the 11th, that of Spain before the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, and that of the Empire before Maximilian, the grandfather of Charles the 5th. But from those periods to the present one, my attention would increase and my inquiries grow more minute. That knowledge is all that your great natural and acquired talents want to enable you to make that figure in business, and in Parliament, which you ought to, and I am sure will make. The transition from business to pleasure is natural and proper; they should be joined, they whet

whet each other, the one is better done, and the other better tasted, by the alternative. What, then, is become of that corner of your heart which the late Berenice enjoyed ? Has it not got a new lodger ? a prudent lover, and such I think you will be, if such a one can be, will only let out part of his heart and always keep a share of it for his own, and his friend's use. He takes a lodger, not a tenant. If Caen has not furnished you with a good lodger, Paris certainly will ; with this difference only, that a Bill of Health may be previously more necessary at Paris than at Caen.

I have sauntered away good part of this summer at Blackheath, in those amusements of gardening, and idle reading, which my former youth and spirits would have despised, but which now stand in the stead of pleasures with me. The different stages of life fortunately bring with them different ways of thinking, and upon the whole such a proportion of good and bad, that none of them are either to be envied or pitied by the others. Adieu, my dear Lord, be convinced of those sentiments of friendship and esteem with which I shall ever be your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, September y^e 16TH, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

The bearer of this is Mr. Wingfield,[9] eldest son to Lord Powerscourt of Ireland, a very worthy man and my very good friend. He was bred first at the University of Dublin, and afterwards at that of Cambridge, and is said to have a good share of all learning. He is now going to the Academy at Caen for a year or two, and desires to be under your protection while you continue there; in which I am sure he shows judgment. He told me that he heard that I was well with you, and therefore desired me to give him a letter to you. I was too much flattered with the reason of his request to have refused him any one thing, in consequence of it. I told him that I was extremely well with you, and would have told him so, had I even thought the contrary; this letter followed, of course. You will, I am sure, my dear Lord, excuse my impertinence, which at worst will lead you into no great trouble, as Mr. Wingfield would equally have been in the Academy with you. I am not personally acquainted with him, so can say nothing more to you about him.

I hope

I hope you think of leaving Caen soon, and going to Paris for the winter. A metropolis is now the only proper scene for you, for I will venture to prophecy that no theatre can be too great, for the part that you are able to act.

CHESTERFIELD

[3] EDWARD WINGFIELD, SECOND VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT, 1729-64. *He succeeded his father in* 1751.

Bath, Septembr y^e 24TH, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

You will have found before this time, to your cost, that I had received and acknowledged your letter of July the 5th N.S. This is to acknowledge your last of the 20th Sept. N.S., which was obliged to follow me to Bath, where I have now been three days, and where I shall stay six weeks at least. Indigestions, the common cause of many distempers, had brought on my old and disagreeable vertiginous complaints, which these waters constantly remove for a time, without radically curing them.

The many conveniencies that will attend your going to Paris with the Marquis de Blangy

Blangy are in my opinion as many good reasons for your delaying your journey there till he goes; he may, if he pleases, save you from those gross impositions, by which the tradesmen of Paris, particularly distinguish our countrymen; and he has, doubtless, many acquaintances there to whom he will introduce you. I only want to have you introduced into one good French society, and I am sure you will soon be invited to many others. I will in a very few days send you a couple of letters to two Paris ladies, not beauties I confess, but of good sense, I mean good female sense. The one is Madame du Boccage,[9] a lady of Normandy, whom you have certainly heard of upon account of her translation of Milton, and her Tragedy of the Amazons. The other is Madame de Monconseil,[99] at whose house you will meet good company, as to men, but few women, because of the reputation *trop hazardée* of her mother. As for my men acquaintance, they are most of them dead, or dispersed in the Provinces. But I am in no sort of pain about your being in the very best French companies, for you have a mind to it, which few or none of our countrymen have, and you have all the means of pleasing there, which still fewer of our countrymen have. The French (no matter from what motive, probably vanity) are desirous to see, and to be seen by, strangers,

strangers of merit, who are desirous to see, and be seen, by them; which I am sure will be your case. It will be impossible for you to avoid entirely the English who swarm at Paris, nor would I advise you to repulse them all; but your main object will I am sure be, to get the acquaintance, and study the characters, and manners of the best French companies. You know too well the use of travelling to live in England all the while you are abroad, as most of our English do.

The verses of the Cordelier, which I forgot to thank you for in my former letter, were very pretty ones; the author seems to have a *much* stronger vocation to the mysteries of the Pagan than of the Christian system. But the Cordeliers have long been famous for their Priapeian zeal and devotion. I should pity those poor enthusiasts you have lately seen at La Trappe, if I did not know that enthusiasm carries along with it, not only it's comforts but it's joys. It is the source of a thousand ills to society, but of a thousand pleasures to the enthusiasts themselves. What strange notions must those distempered brains have formed, of an all-wise and omnipotent Being, to suppose that he placed us here, to be a burden to ourselves, and at least useless, if not prejudicial to society. But whoever has lived much in the world and read much of it, will wonder at none of those absurdities and extravagancies

extravagancies, which the mind of man intimidated by fear, invited by interest, or perverted by vanity, is capable of entertaining very seriously, and even with warmth and acrimony. Witness, most of the systems of philosophy, and most sects of religion.

I am very angry at you, my dear Lord, for telling me of your verses to Lord Stormont, and not sending them me at the same time. You have excited an impatience in me which will make me think the quickest return of the post from Caen very tedious. I expect them by the next. They cannot be better than I expect from the poet, but they may be worse, and yet very good ones.

Give me leave, with my usual freedom, to recommend two very silly things to you while you are at Paris, I mean dancing and a dancing master; for though I agree with Cicero that *Nemo sobrius saltat*, yet as the world is not *sobrius*, and as you are in it, you must, and particularly at your age, conform to it. You will sometimes be under a necessity of dancing, and then you had better do it well than ill. *Gervilliers le Cadet* is the master I recommend to you; being very sure that he gives the best air, and most graceful carriage, ornaments that are by no means to be despised by people of your age and rank. In that silly exercise, as

as in much more material things, a bad master is worse than none.

I am extremely concerned to hear of your late indisposition, *let it have been what it will.* If it was the result of pleasure, I hope it will make you more careful at Paris, where the danger is much greater. If it was an unacquired complaint, and constitutional, pray have great attention to it in your regimen and manner of living. At your age, I squandered away a great deal of health, in the notion that my stock of it was inexhaustible, which I now find too late, it was not. May yours, my dear Lord, with all the other good things, that the good nurse wishes, and you already possess, last long. Your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

[9] MME. DU BOCAGE (1710–1802). *She wrote many poems and translated "Paradise Lost" and Pope's "Temple of Fame." She also wrote the "Colombiade," an epic in ten books, on the discovery of America.*

[99] MARQUISE DE MONCONSEIL, *daughter of Madame de Cursay.*

Bath, September y^e 29TH, OS 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

I send you here enclosed the two letters that I promised you in my last; and I thank you for the opportunity you have given me of obliging, as I am sure I shall, two people whom I am very desirous to oblige. For they have both of them much more sense and discernment than is necessary to make them know the value of the acquaintance I procure them. The letter to Monsieur du Boccage is equally addressed to Madame, but I direct it to him that he may not as sometimes he does, think himself nelgected in comparison, of Madame. He is a man of good plain sense, and good nature, desirous to oblige, and loving to have his house the resort of people of parts. Madame, both as a woman and as poetess, relishes a little flattery, and I am sure that nobody can season it better for her than yourself. Mrs. Pitt, your old acquaintance, will, I believe, be at Paris when you arrive there, and I recommend to you to address yourself to her immediately, as she can, and I dare say will, with pleasure introduce you into the best companies. My young relation will not

not be at Paris till near Christmas, but as he has several letters of recommendation from acquaintances that he has made in Italy, and from other persons here, he may possibly be of some use to you after his arrival, and I am very sure will be both proud and happy if he can.

The tender part which I take, my dear Lord, in every thing that relates to you, has, I fear, often made me impertinent already, and will, I believe, often make me so again, but I am sure that in consideration of my zeal, you will forgive the indiscrete effects of it. This means that I am going to advise again, and so I am. It just now occurs to me, that very few people in Italy speak tolerable French, and most of them none at all. This is a great disadvantage and drawback to such foreigners as go there, without a certain stock of Italian; I would, therefore, recommend to you to have an Italian master, for an hour every morning, while you stay at Paris, to teach you that language grammatically, which will enable you to speak it very soon after you are in Italy. Besides the disagreeable situation that a man is in who neither speaks nor understands the language spoken by the rest of the company; it is certain that no man can appear what he really is, much less to any advantage, when his thoughts are cramped

cramped and checked for want of proper words and expressions. This Italian master, and Monsieur Gervilliers, the dancing master, whom I again venture to recommend to you, are the only masters you can have time for at Paris, and the only masters you can want, being yourself master of everything else. As for mistresses, I do not presume to stint you, the more the better, provided they are such as neither endanger your health nor your character, and Paris abounds with such, as well as with their opposites. Singing, dancing, and theatrical girls with *Id genus omne* are vilifying and dangerous, though much the fashion. You will not, I am sure, see better and approve of them, and yet follow worse. Forgive, my dear Lord, all these freedoms in your most sincere friend and faithfull servant

CHESTERFIELD

*Bath, October y^e^* 20TH, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

The observation of Rabelais, let him have taken it from who he pleases, I take to be a very just one, and the weaker sex can certainly bear repetition better than the stronger

ger. As you wish me that degree of female fortitude, to undergo the repeated assurances of your friendship, let me tell you that I have it in that respect, beyond any lady in the world ; I am even more than a Messalina, for she could be tired though not satiated ; I can be neither. Therefore, throwing off all female modesty, and avowing all female desires, I invite you to repetition, it cannot be too frequent. I promise to receive it with the strongest sense of gratitude and delight. I was set out for this place, when Mr. Cunningham left your letter at my house in town ; disorders in my stomach had produced others in my head, and obliged me to have recourse to these waters, which always patch me up but without curing me radically. When I return to London I hope to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Cunningham, who must have merit since you esteem him, after six months' acquaintance, for your discernment does not require six days to discover merit. The ordinary people have a superstition about knives, they will neither give nor receive them, ingeniously supposing that they cut love ; I am not exceedingly superstitious, but were I so, I should in this case lay it aside, and defy the best-tempered knife at Caen or in Christendom to give the least wound to my friendship for you, and I will be vain enough to add, or to yours for

for me. I most thankfully accept, and shall most carefully preserve the knife you have sent me, as a mark of your friendship, and not as fatal to it. Lady Chesterfield charges me with a thousand compliments, and thanks to you, for your present to her, which she values, as she ought to do upon it's own account, but much more upon yours. I hope you have received my two last letters of, I do not recollect what dates, but in the last of the two I sent you inclosed two letters for two ladies at Paris, which I hope will prove of use to you. You will also find Mrs. Pitt[9] there, who can, and I dare say will, be of more use to you, by way of introducing you into French company than all the letters of recommendation in the world. She is in a manner domestic in all the best houses at Paris, particularly at Madame de Mirepoix's. You will, you should, and you may, employ most of your hours there in pleasures, but you will, I am sure, too, reserve some for serious occupations; permit me, therefore, my dear Lord, with my usual and possibly indiscrete freedom, to recommend to you modern history for the employment of those reserved hours. The new edition of *Les Mémoires de Sully*, in three quarto volumes, deserves your attention better than any book that I know of that kind, as it will give you the truest, and the

the clearest notion of the most interesting period of the French history, and a general one, of the co-temporary history of Europe. There is another book, but a much smaller lately come out at Paris, which I will venture to recommend to lie constantly upon your table. I mean *L'Histoire Chronologique de la France, par le President Hénault.* It is not dryly chronological nor confined to France alone. It is short, but clear, and enlivened by some very pretty and just reflections. I am sure I need not suggest to you that to make the reading of history useful, and even to retain it, it must always be accompanied by chronological tables and maps, which are justly called by somebody or other the two eyes of history. The House of Lords must be your end, history one and the chief of your means ; the others you have already ; the *Sapere* and the *Fari* are your own, and that all the other parts of Horace's wish may long and inseparably attend you, is the most ardent wish of, my dear Lord, your most sincere friend and faithfull servant

CHESTERFIELD

Postcript.—I lay aside the ceremony of an *Enveloppe* to my letters, that you may not pay a great deal more for them than they are worth.

[2] PENELOPE ATKINS, *a noted beauty. She married,* 1746, *George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, afterwards Lord Rivers, and died* 1795.

London, November y^e 15TH, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

I owe you what I can never pay you in value, though I can in number, two letters. My journey from Bath hindered me from acknowledging your former, and the frivolous hurry which every man after having been two months out of London finds himself in at his return to it delayed my acknowledging the latter. But I have still something more to thank you for, and very heartily too. I think myself obliged to any man living who gives me pleasure, but when that pleasure has the stamp of confidence and friendship upon it, it is at least doubled. I would not commend your verses to you if I thought it possible that you could suspect flattery, or even common civility to have any share in the commendation; but a copy of verses upon a woman in the warmth of a young passion is by no means an object for your vanity, or my adulation. You are as much above making bad verses as you are above valuing yourself upon making good ones. One sees that love made these verses, and love is the best muse, where love is concerned. You have not stolen from your model

model, but you have thought like him, and I will add, better. Whoever was the subject of them, and whatever passed between you and that subject has not the least relation to your moral character; let dullness, age, or bigotry say what they will about it; but for my part, I have met with no one body absurd enough to suppose that you left England a spotless virgin, or to expect, if you had, that you would have returned such to it. Desires are natural to youth and warm blood, and the gratification of them is neither disgraceful nor criminal, unless procured by crimes. I have had the pleasure since my return from Bath to see your friend, Mr. Cunningham, who seems to me to be a very pretty fellow; though in this case I own I am a very partial judge, from your commendation of him, and from his manner of speaking of you; either of which would have byaised me in his favour. I question whether this letter will find you still at Caen, and I am full as willing that it should be sent after you to Paris, where I want you to be. I am sure that you will like it, and I am as sure that Paris will like you. You will not live there as most of our countrymen do, who herd together, pass their evenings at a coffee house, and their nights at the tavern or the bawdy house, and then complain of the difficulty of getting into French company

company, which they never once try to do. Wherever you knock, I am sure it will be opened unto you, and you know the true intention and use of travelling too well to neglect being acquainted with the manners and characters of the people of the several countries where you go. Let me recommend to you, my dear Lord, to frequent the Foreign Ministers residing at Paris, which is to some degree, travelling in several countries at once; besides that, when you leave Paris, they will give you letters of recommendation to their respective Courts. I will not in concluding this letter, pretend to tell you, what I know I cannot express, how faithfully and affectionately I am, my dear Lord, yours

CHESTERFIELD

London, December y^e 31ST, *OS* 1750

MY DEAR LORD,

I delayed discharging my letter to you till I could take better aim at you than your last gave me reason to think I could. I now take it for granted that you are fixed at Paris, and this is levelled at you there.

You need not have given yourself any trouble to procure a recommendation to Lord

Lord Albemarle, and to tell you the plain truth it was below Lord Huntingdon to have any recommendation to any English Minister abroad. I should have sent you one to Lord Albemarle if I had thought it either useful or proper for you. All that one of your rank has to do with regard to the British Ministers residing at Foreign Courts, is to make them the first visit upon your arrival, and then it is their duty, and if they have common sense, it will be their inclination, to do you all the service they can. Therefore, when you go on farther, as to Turin, where Lord Rochford[29] resides, Florence, where Mr. Mann[29a] resides, and so on, only make them the first visit, and all the rest follows. As for other letters of recommendation to the natives of the several places that you go to, always get as many as you can; but then let them be from people of the first fashion to others of the same sort, for otherwise they will rather embarrass than help you. I would advise you for that reason to cultivate the Foreign Ministers residing at the places where you are, and they will give you the proper recommendations to their best acquaintances at their own Courts. As for instance, at Paris get acquainted with the Pope's Nuntio, the Venetian Ambassador, the Neapolitan, Florentine, and Genoese Ministers, who will all be

be proud of giving you letters when you leave it. There is another advantage too in this, which is, that by frequenting those gentlemen, you in some measure learn the manners and the views of their respective countries; for they all talk more or less in pursuance of those views. Lord Albemarle will immediately present you to the King and the Royal Family, and when you are once thus made free of that Court, I would recommend to you to go there often, which few English do. But by going there you put yourself in the way of the best company, you are invited to dinner by the Ministers, and you daily make new acquaintances. Moreover, it will be of use to you to distinguish yourself from the common herd of English who infest Paris and disgrace their own country. Mr. Cunningham tells me that you propose keeping house at Paris; permit me, my dear Lord, to say a word or two upon that subject with my usual freedom. If you once keep what can be called a table it will lead you into an incredible, and I will add an unnecessary expense. Because you will be obliged in that case to entertain in your turn those who have entertained you. Whereas a table is not in the least expected from a traveller, a young man, *et un garçon*. You will find the life of Paris sufficiently expensive without that addition. And, though I would

would by no means advise you to refuse yourself any pleasure or utility, upon account of the expense, I should [be] extremely sorry that you should run in debt one shilling for any thing unnecessary. Estates in land I know by experience fall infinitely shorter of the rental, than any body unacquainted with them could imagine; and provided you indulge yourself in every thing that can be really either useful or pleasant to you abroad, I could wish that you returned home rather before than behind hand. Debt is a heavy clog upon any man who would make a figure in the world. Courts presume, and competitors triumph upon it. I just now reflect (and blush as I reflect) how impertinently didactic this letter is. Pardon, nay, I am sure you will pardon it; you want advice so little, that you are willing to hear it, and able to judge of it; and experience can sometimes hang out useful lights, for much better parts to steer by; it is in that view only, my dear Lord, that I send you my paper lanthorn, dim as it may be, to glimmer at least before you, in the dark windings you are now to go through. I shall go on till you rebuke me, happy if I can once in my life, be of any use to you, and sure that my errors can never mislead your judgment.

My young relation[999] and your old schoolfellow will by this time have made his court to

to you at Paris, and I beg that you will tell me without the least reserve what you think of him, for I cannot know him myself not having seen him since he was a mere boy. Whatever he is, you can make him better, and it is your interest to do so, for I have made him your own. I shall bring him into the next Parliament, there to follow implicitly your orders, which by that time you will be here to give him. You will have, I dare say, much better dependents, but the more dependents you have the better, numbers always giving more weight than sometimes they deserve. *A propos* of this, give me leave to hint to you, though I would by no means wish you to herd with the English in general, that it may be of great use to you, to form certain connections with such young Englishmen abroad as are likely to make some figure in the world, either from their parts, their rank or their fortune. For between you and I [*sic*] whatever connection you form, you must govern though they must not think so. The Marquis of Rockingham, whose father is lately dead, has a very great estate and great interest in Yorkshire, two circumstances that will give him weight let his parts be what they will, and I do not know what they are; as such he is worth your laying hold on, and you may certainly get him. I have only mentioned him, as an instance of the

the sort of people whom it may be worth your while to cultivate at present in order to govern hereafter.

I hope to receive some verses upon some other *Princess* at Paris. I do not look upon the change of Sovereigns of that sort to be disloyalty; their power should, I think, be consular, for one year only, and then it never does much mischief. Adieu, my dear Lord, forgive all this prating of an old fellow, in favour of an old friend, who is with the sincerest affection your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

Postcript.—I direct this letter to Lord Albemarle's[3] not knowing where else to direct; pray send me your directions for my next. Compliments upon the New Year are too much profaned for me to make you any. Judge for yourself what I wish you in that respect.

[3] WILLIAM HENRY NASSAU DE ZULESTEIN, 4TH EARL OF ROCHFORD (1717–81), *Envoy to Turin* 1749–55; *later, Ambassador to Madrid and Paris.*

[33] SIR HORACE MANN, *Horace Walpole's friend and correspondent.*

[333] *This is again* PHILIP STANHOPE, LORD CHESTERFIELD'S NATURAL SON. *Lord Huntingdon was about four years his senior.* Chesterfield

Chesterfield wrote to him in the famous "Letters" (CXLVI), Oct. 22 (O.S.), 1750, *recommending the Earl: "It is the Earl of Huntingdon, who, next to you, is the truest object of my affection and esteem, and who (I am proud to say it) calls and considers me as his adopted father. His parts are as quick as his knowledge is extensive; and if quality were worth putting into account, where every other item is so much more valuable, his is the first almost in this country; the figure he will make soon after he returns to it will, if I am not more mistaken than ever I was in my life, equal his birth and my hopes. Such a connection will be of infinite advantage to you, and I can assure you that he is extremely disposed to form it upon my account; and will, I hope and believe, desire to improve and cement it on your own."*

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE, WILLIAM ANNE VAN KEPPEL, SECOND EARL, *was born in* 1702. *He was Ambassador to the French Court* 1748–54, *and died suddenly in Paris 22nd Dec.*, 1754.

London, March y^e 3RD, *OS* 1751

MY DEAR LORD,

I have spared you a great while; your time, I knew, was much better employed at *Paris* than in reading my letters, and my time has been engrossed, though not near so agreeably employed as it would have been in writing to you, by preparing a Bill which I brought into the House of Lords last week, for correcting the inconvenient and disgraceful errors of our present Calendar, and for establishing the Gregorian Calendar, or New Style. But you shall not escape me, and you must sometimes bear with longer and duller letters from me than those which I believe you often receive at Paris, by a more pleasing and quicker conveyance than the post. I have heard much of you and from different hands; and what I have heard was exactly what I was very sure I should hear. You have found that it is not difficult for a Lord Huntingdon to get into what companies he pleases, and I am very sure that my Lord Huntingdon will always choose the best. I am informed that there are as many competitors for the vacant throne of the Princess of Granville, as there were for Alexander's. And

And your heart, like his empire, I believe, may be extensive enough to provide for them all. Indeed, I hope so, for a heart is much easier under a republican government than under a monarchical one. I have heard that you intend to push your travels very far, and that, not content with going all over Europe, you propose visiting Greece, and Egypt. Upon this occasion, my dear Lord, you will forgive me again if I assume the privilege of an old advising friend. The several countries and Courts of Europe, their characters, their constitutions, their politics and their manners, are very proper objects of your observation and attention, and will require all the time that you can well spare abroad. But the wild arabs in Egypt and the ignorant slaves of Greece are infinitely below your notice, and unworthy of the time they would take up. The broken pyramids and ruined temples of those desolated countries are below your attention, except in copper plates, where they are to be seen with full as much advantage, and with much less time, trouble and danger. It is extremely probable that before you have finished your European travels, the situation of affairs in England may require your return to it. There are certain favourable moments for a man of your sort to begin the world with, which ought not to be lost, and it would give

give me the greatest concern if those moments should happen while you were at Grand Cairo. While you are in Europe you are *a portée* to judge yourself, and to be informed by your friends of those opportunities, and in the meantime you are qualifying yourself more and more every day to improve them. May I go on with my impertinent advice? You seem to say that I may. I would wish you then to stay at Paris till the end of August next, and then to make the best of your way to Rome, there to stay seven or eight months, and afterwards to bestow as much time in the whole, upon Naples, Milan, Turin, Venice, etc. Great capitals are properer objects for you than a great variety of places; take buildings and curiosities in your way, but go very little out of your way for them. From Italy, Germany will deserve one year of your time, I mean the principal Courts of it, as Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden. Flanders and the United Provinces may in three months finish your course. This is the plan which it may be I too officiously offer you; but I offer it you sincerely as the best that occurs to me. My young traveller is proud of the countenance you show him at Paris. I have pointed you out to him as his model and his patron, and he seems convinced that nothing can be more for his credit or his interest, than to be like and to belong to you.

Indeed,

Indeed, My dear Lord, I have the greatest satisfaction in knowing that you have already in a great degree acquired, and are in a way of acquiring in the greatest, the only one thing you wanted, for that perfection which Lucretius ascribes to Memmius, *Omnibus ornatum—excellere rebus.* I mean the turn, the manners and the fashion of good company. Your most faithfull friend and servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, April y^e 8TH, *OS* 1751

MY DEAR LORD,

In my last letter to you I took the liberty of representing freely against a design, which I was informed that you entertained of going into Greece, Egypt, etc., and I foretold that some situations might possibly exist in England, from which you ought not to be so remote. Like most prophets whose predictions seem to be in any degree verified, I happened to be more prophetic than I thought myself, and in a very different sense from what I meant ; to be plain, I meant the death of the King, who I then thought in a bad state of health, and little thought that his son would die before him. But that has happened,

happened, and it is upon the present situation of affairs, flowing from that unexpected event, that I now trouble you, as your faithful and affectionate friend and servant. The young Prince whom I will now call the Prince of Wales, the warrant being signed for the Patent to create him such, is but thirteen years old; his immediate Establishment as Prince of Wales will be but a narrow one, but is to increase with his years. I do by no means think it worth your while to come over here now in order to be of that first Establishment, could it be brought about; the two next years of what I will call your education abroad being in my opinion much better employed in other countries than they could be in your own about the person of a child. But, on the other hand, that child, who will in two years be adolescent, and possibly King, ought not then to be a stranger to your name, your person, and, above all, to your abilities. You must be acquainted with and about him, before he has taken all his habits and most of his early impressions. Should the King die, as there is too much reason to fear he may while his grandson is a minor, the scene will be too great and delicate a one for you to be long absent from. A Regency is eventually to be settled by Act of Parliament, and I believe this Session. But the *minor* has *an Uncle* who will be of that

that Regency as *Uncles* have formerly been. Your ancestor, Lord Hastings,[9] was a firm friend to a minor King, and suffered for it; avert both the omens, but his successor, Lord Huntingdon, must not be absent in such an important exigency. I have already spoke to the Ministers upon your subject, and shown them the fitness, or rather the necessity of your being placed about the person of the Prince of Wales, when his establishment shall be extended; they seem to agree with me; but however, though when the case happens I will exert my utmost endeavours for that purpose, the solicitations of a private and insignificant person as I am, will be of very little use, if you are not *a portée* to enforce them by your presence. From these principles then, My dear Lord, I draw this plan for you, by way of conclusion. To go to Italy in September next, and to come out of Italy the September following, and to employ that year till September 1753, in Germany, Flanders and Holland, and then return to England, and distinguish yourself in the scene of business. Leave pyramids, temples, sculpture and paintings to minds much below yours.

Tu regere Imperio populos Romane memento. Should any thing happen in the meantime, that in my opinion would require your return sooner, which I do not think will, I will

I will send you the earliest and truest account of it, and you will judge upon the state of the case whether my opinion is right or wrong. Whatever it may be you shall always have it, for, be persuaded My dear Lord, that I have nothing more at heart than to help you as far as I can to make that figure in the world, which all circumstances conspire to enable you to make. You must look upon this letter, which goes by a safe hand, to be the foundation, and key to my future letters to you upon these subjects. For in those that go by the common post I must be less explicit than I have been in this. Adieu My dear Lord, forgive this freedom in consideration of the friendship and attachment that produce it. Yours most faithfully

CHESTERFIELD

§ WILLIAM LORD HASTINGS *charged with High Treason by the Duke of Gloucester (Richard III) and beheaded* 13 *June* 1483.

London, May y^e 18TH, *OS* 1751

MY DEAR LORD,

By your consulting me about your future motions, I will suppose that you have forgiven me

me the liberty I took of representing against some of your intended ones ; I will therefore proceed with my usual parental freedom, which I assure you My dear Lord, flows from more than common parental affection. To begin with your affairs here. I have spoke very explicitly to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Chancellor, with relation to your being placed about the Prince of Wales upon the first extension of his establishment, which in case the King lives so long will not be made in less than two or three years. I will not, I believe I need not tell you what I said upon that subject. They told me that what I said confirmed what common fame had already told them ; that they were convinced of the expediency of what I proposed, and would do their utmost to bring it about. I answered the Duke of Newcastle that I wanted something more explicit than those general Ministerial assurances, and I asked him whether he would empower me to tell you in his name that you might depend upon his hearty and sincere endeavours, when the case of the extension of the Prince of Wales's establishment should exist ; he answered that I not only might, but that he desired that I would. So far then this matter, which I believe I have more at heart than you have, rests well. However in order to secure it the better, I could wish that you would write the Duke

Duke of Newcastle a letter of compliment and thanks for what he empowered me to tell you. He is full of little vanity, and your flattering it in that manner will fix him.

Now let me attend you to Spain. Far from having the least objection to your going there, I intirely approve of it; the general character and manners of that nation differ more from those of the rest of Europe than any other two European nations differ from each other. There are many very fine and curious remains of Gothic and Moorish antiquity. Few travellers go there, which is another reason why I approve of your going; and you will be there as much within call of events as you would be at Rome or Naples. But since you will take the uncommon trouble of going to Spain, in my mind you had better give the next winter to it, and see it thoroughly. This therefore is the route that I would propose to you. To go to Bayonne at the latter end of next September, from thence through Navarre to Madrid, and there to stay three months at least; from Madrid to go through New Castille and Andalusia to Seville, from Seville to Gibraltar, through Grenada, Valencia and Catalonia to Barcelona; and from Barcelona, if you do not dislike the sea, to go on board some ship that you will always find there, and sail to Genoa or Leghorn, so as to be in Italy by April

April next; and to leave Italy the April following for Germany, Flanders, Holland, etc. I will send you very good letters of recommendation for Spain, and you will do well to get others from the Spanish Ambassador now residing at Paris, and to the French Minister residing at Madrid. The advantage of knowing something of the language of the place one goes to is so great, and the Spanish language is so very easy, that I will suggest to you to take a Spanish master during the remainder of your stay at Paris. For with your quickness and application, you will in three months' time get Spanish enough not to be at a loss in your way to Madrid nor in company, when you get there. I hope you will prolong your stay at Paris, as much as you can consistently with this scheme; you are there I know in the best companies, much better than any you can find in the provinces, which therefore you need but run through. Three weeks between Paris and Bayonne will give you time to see all that is worth your seeing in your way, as Toulouse, Bourdeaux, etc. So that you may very well enjoy Paris, and whoever you enjoy in it, till the first of September.

In my opinion you could not do too much for Madame de Berkenrode, and possibly that may be her opinion too, and I hope she has put you to that trial in other instances besides

besides the Ball. When I wore her chains, which I did about seven years ago in Holland, she was infinitely agreeable. I hope your servitude has been better rewarded than mine was.

I like the blunt good sense and observations of Du Clos in his *Considérations sur les Mœurs du Siècle.* The manner might have been more genteel, but it may be the matter would have been weakened by it. A common case among the very genteel and polite French authors. He says very truly, and I see you agree with him, *qu'il y a une fermentation de Raison en France qui tend à se developper ;* it is certain that the French in general think more, wish and endeavour to know more, than they use to do. Knowledge is in fashion, and the fashion in France is as absolute as the King. All the women sip some knowledge, though few drink deep of it ; but still that little makes them, in my opinion, much more agreeable company than ours, who are either very silent or very trivial.

Your servant and client, Mr Stanhope tells me that he is very happy in your friendship and protection. I hope he will continue to deserve them, and to know the weight and lustre they will give him. His success in the world is now the only object I have in it, since yours is out of all doubt. Adieu, My dear Lord ; I am with the tenderest attachment your most faithfull servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, September y^e 16TH, *OS* 1751

MY DEAR LORD,

People commonly pay in some way or other for their partialities, and you shall pay a shilling for yours to me ; it is I am sure to some partial expressions of yours that I singly owe the distinction of Monsieur du Clos's present, and letter, and the enclosed acknowledgment to him for both I must desire you to pay for, and deliver to him, not knowing how to direct it myself. I really value him as a man, and admire him as an author. He thinks strongly and with freedom ; his mind is not enslaved with his body, and I think I see in his last book a sturdy honesty, which I prefer to the fashionable *Gentillesses* which the French complain so much of the want of. They say that he is obscure, I do not think him so, and I believe he is only thought so, because he is so much deeper than those superficial authors to which they are of late so much accustomed, and who in studied phrases only skim the surface.

The opinion you give me in your former letter of the French authors whom you have been reading in your *retirement* flatters and confirms mine, which I am now proud of saying

saying has long been exactly the same. If we consider the age of Lewis the fourteenth impartially, and free from that classical enthusiasm which we adopt so early, and consequently cherish so long, we shall find it in no respect (except the epic) inferior to the Augustan age, and in the dramatic infinitely superior.

I set out tomorrow morning for Bath, not so much for the recovery as for the preservation of my health, which I will willingly compound to have neither better nor worse than it is at present. I wish it better, but with my constitution and at my age, cannot expect that it will; but the fear that it may be worse is much better grounded, and that fear carries me to Bath. This advantage you receive from it, that being in the hurry today, which every man is in who is to take a journey tomorrow, my letter will be shorter and consequently less tedious, may be less impertinent too than usual. Adieu then for this time, My dear Lord, and believe me with the most inviolable attachment, yours

CHESTERFIELD

Postscript.—Forgive me this word; remember your favourite *Titus.*

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

London, November y^e 25TH, *OS* 1751

MY DEAR LORD,

I was very glad to find by the last letter you honoured me with that your time for leaving Paris was at last fixed. For though I look upon that place to be much the best in Europe for forming a young man of quality, yet as you have now had so much, though you wanted so much less of it than other people, and as you have a good deal still to do abroad, and, as your predecessor Hastings says in "Jane Shore," *but a little time to do it in*, it is time to set about it. If (as I suppose was the case) Mademoiselle Lany prevailed with you to pass this winter at Paris, the cause was at your age, a very justifiable one; I believe I should do the same at mine, without half so many or so good reasons for it, as I dare say you had. Her situation, and degree of character made your connection with her for a time not unbecoming. It is the duration of those connections that makes them disgraceful, when the influence of the lady is supposed to be extended from the senses to the understanding and conduct of her friend. Since you take the trouble of going to Spain, where probably

probably you will never go again, I would advise you to see it well when you are there. If from Madrid you go down southward to Seville, and from thence come up again through Grenada and Valentia to Barcelona, you will have seen the best parts of Spain, and particularly those that are dignified by the remains of Roman, Gothic and Moorish antiquities. From Barcelona (if you are not sea sick) your passage by sea to Genoa or Leghorn will be short and pleasant in the autumn. Mr. Keene,[2] the King's Ambassador at Madrid, will, I am very sure, show you all the attention and regard that you deserve, and consequently you will want no letters of recommendation to Madrid, nor any of those provinces of Spain which you propose to visit afterwards. Otherwise I would have sent you some from the Spanish Ambassador here; I spoke to him about it, and he assured me that Mr. Keene was as well known in Spain as he was, and could do you as much, or more, service there. May I beg of you, My dear Lord, to make my compliments to Monsieur du Clos, and to return him my particular thanks for the great pleasure he has given me by his last performance, *Les Mémoires, etc.*? It is just what I wished for, when I had read his *Considérations* I wanted to have those just reflections exemplified and set in all their light by characters. He has done

done it in my mind incomparably; the pictures are finely drawn and highly coloured; and what the Italians [call] the *Costumi* most exactly observed. I wish it had been wrote, and that I had read it, seven and thirty years ago; I think it would have saved me some vices, and many follies, which were really not my own, but adoptive ones in complaisance to *les Mœurs du Siècle*.

If our accounts here from Paris are true, the change of the temper and genius of the French people with regard to their Government is astonishing. They used to hug their chains and boast their servitude; they now seem to be galled by them and struggling to shake them off. If they have found out (though late) that Kings are not a part of the Divinity; that they are not exactly the images of God upon earth; that they are neither annointed nor appointed by him to be the scourges of their fellow creatures; that they have no other rights but those of civil and mutual compact; but that mankind in general have natural and inherent rights which no power upon earth can legally deprive them of; if, I say they have at last discovered these truths, which by the way are not very abstruse ones, their natural vivacity, and their shame of so long an entertained error will probably carry them very far the other way. People are very apt to run into the opposite extreme

extreme of a detected and exploded prejudice; and *ce Germe de raison qui tend à se developper en France*, as Du Clos observed, will probably grow too strong for absolute power, which can only be supported by error, ignorance and prejudice. As a friend to mankind, I shall be glad if it proves so, and as a friend to my own country, I heartily wish it may; for without troubles at home France is now too powerful and formidable abroad.

Might it not be worth your while to take a Spanish master at Paris, till you go to Spain, and to take another during your stay at Madrid? It is a very easy, though a very copious language; and many, not to say most of the Spaniards, even the people of quality, speak no other language. It will moreover facilitate your learning Italian, which it resembles extremely, excepting some Moorish words. I have sent your little servant back to Paris, to profit by your example, and to form himself upon your model, if he can. Those were at least the instructions I gave him, and I think I could not give him shorter nor more useful ones. Adieu My dear Lord, without peroration. Professions are inconsistent with that truth and friendship with which I am most faithfully and unalterably yours

CHESTERFIELD

[9] SIR BENJAMIN KEENE, K.B., *Ambassador at Madrid.*

London, January y^e 27TH, *OS* 1752

MY DEAR LORD,

I was very happy in not having heard of your illness till the day before I received your own account of your recovery. I leave you to judge, for upon my word, I cannot express to you my concern, and the joy that so soon succeeded it. I beg of you not to think yourself well too soon. Many years ago I was dangerously ill of a fever at the Hague; during the danger the famous Boerhaven attended me, but when that was over he only sent me his written prescriptions from Leyden; to one of which there was this useful postscript *Venus rarius colatur.* I did not follow it strictly and relapsed. I hope, too, that you will not undertake your journey to Spain, which will be a very fatiguing one, till you find your strength perfectly and solidly restored. *Jurare in verba mea* is a degree of complaisance and confidence on your part which my head does not deserve half so well from you as my heart. The warmth of this, joined to the coolness and experience of old age, always inclines, and may sometimes enable me to offer you hints which I think may be of use to you, but

but I assure you, My dear Lord, that I always do it with diffidence of [my] own, and with deference to your judgment, of which I have long known and admired the solidity and precision.

As I am informed that you intend to see Portugal as well as Spain, which I think you are much in the right to do, since you take the trouble of going to the latter, I allow a year for that whole expedition, and I believe you will not be able to finish it in less time. Italy will require at least as much time, so that I do not expect the pleasure of seeing you in this country till winter, 1754. In my mind you could not employ that time so usefully here, in the present quiet situation of affairs, which I think is likely to last about so long. But should any very interesting situation happen before that time, such a one I mean as would require and deserve your presence, I will send you the earliest and the truest account I can of it; therefore when you leave Paris pray send your farther directions to your most faithfull friend and servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, June y^e^ 4TH, OS 1752

MY DEAR LORD,

You must allow a true and faithful servant of yours to complain of either you or the post, or at least to inquire which of the two he is to complain of. The case is that I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since I had that of seeing you here, and I interest myself in your health, your motions, and your friendship, too much to be quiet in my present state of ignorance of all the three. Are you well, My dear Lord? Are you gone or going to Spain? Are you still at Paris? Or are you in the South of France, waiting for more temperate weather, before you go into an intemperate hot climate? Wherever you are, I am sure you are employing your time to advantage. In the word advantage, my philosophy includes pleasure, as well as profit. I am past both, and think of neither for myself any more, but wish them sincerely to others who deserve them as you do. My deafness, which was pretty considerable when you saw me, has increased gradually ever since. Social life, the only life worth preserving at my age, is now over with me. Reading

Reading and walking are my only resources. I despair of a revolution in my favour, my hereditary right to my complaint being I fear indefeasible. I wish like a Whig, but I believe like a Tory. However I will act like a moderate man, and not trespass upon your time because I do not know what to do with my own. Yours

CHESTERFIELD

Black-heath, August y^e 10TH, *OS* 1752

MY DEAR LORD,

A man who cannot hear deserves so little to be heard of, and a man who is tired of himself is so sure of tiring others, that from mere discretion I am now two letters in your debt, and acknowledge at the same time the favour of both yours of the 21st June and the 11th August, N.S. In my former situation of voluntary retirement from business and bustle, I thought with you that the motto in my Library contained great resources, and I found them such, while they were those of choice ; but to tell you the truth, they have now lost all their charms, since they are become the refuge of necessity ; my little cottage at Blackheath, to which I used often

to

to address *quando te aspiciam*, is now become the lonely seat of my banishment from society, it is my *Pontus*, from whence I could with truth make all those complaints which you have read from a better hand; but I will not trouble you with them, they are not of a nature to be lessened by being communicated to a friend, and I have the comfort of thinking you so much mine that I will spare you, as much as I can, that unavailing concern. May your latter end, My dear Lord, be not like unto mine; but may a healthy, social, and philosophical old age succeed and crown the uninterrupted pleasures, the unsullied splendour, and the unblemished dignity of your foregoing life.

I tell you truly and with that freedom which you have always allowed me, that I am extremely glad that your journey for Spain is fixed for next month. France though a great, is yet too narrow a circle to confine your knowledge and observations; every other country deserves some share of them, and will also contribute it's mite to that distinguished figure which you will one day make in your own. The country of Spain is extremely worth seeing, but Madrid only worth staying any time at. Therefore the faster you run through the one, and the longer you stay at the other, the better. You should see countries, but you should know capitals.

I admire

I admire Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis* 14, and as I look upon it in the light of memoirs, I think it has enough of that dignity which the critics say it wants. He shows a most ridiculous contempt for sects and their jargons, and one sees plainly that he feels still a greater than he thinks it prudent to express. I have had the pleasure of seeing many people of different sects, extremely delighted with the ridicule which he throws upon poor Madame Guyon; but as I never pretend to reason with nor convince mad people, I did not give them the *Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.* Otherwise one might ask them all, why Madame Guyon being a vessel of Election, might not have such a prodigious quantity of grace crammed into her, as might make the discharge of some superabundant part of it upon her neighbours absolutely necessary, especially after dinner. I am sure there is nothing more absurd in this than in most of those opinions which have distinguished different sects, and which, understood by none, warmly entertained by many, and artfully supported by a few, have occasioned so much confusion and bloodshed in the world. But those times I thank God are now pretty well over in Europe, mankind in general is too well informed; and a new head of a new sect would have but very little custom.

Since

Since Lady Coventry[3] asserts the beauty of her country so bravely against Madame de Brionne,[33] and even without the stale artifice of hanging out the enemies' colours, I should hope that with the assistance of Lady Caroline Petersham,[333] and Mrs. Pitt, the long-contested cause of beauty would be decided in favour of Great Britain. That of courage has long since been determined by our old English maxim that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; but though I should be sorry that the welfare and liberties of my country were to depend upon that event, I would willingly stake them, upon those three ladies beating any nine Frenchmen.

Your little servant Mr. Stanhope is now at Hanover completing his German; your good opinion of him flatters my hopes that he may some day or other deserve your patronage and protection. I shall bequeath him to you from two of the strongest motives of human actions, inclination and interest.

Lady Chesterfield is too much confounded with the repeated marks of your remembrance to tell me what she would have me say to you in return for the present with which her dressing room is to be adorned. I can only say that if her gratitude equals her impatience, it will be very warm; for she

she sends almost every day to the Custom house.

Adieu My dear Lord, and in the plain language of the heart, a good journey to you, for I am most faithfully and sincerely yours

CHESTERFIELD

[9] *The celebrated beauty*, MARIA GUNNING, *married*, 1752, *George William*, *6th Earl of Coventry ; died 30th September*, 1760.

[99] LOUISE JULIE CONSTANCE DE ROHAN-MONTAUBAN *married*, 1748, *as third wife*, *Charles Louis de Lorraine*, *Comte de Brionne*.

[999] LADY CAROLINE FITZROY, *wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Harrington*.

London, August y^e 31ST, *OS* 1752

MY DEAR LORD,

Though you are set out from Paris, I direct this letter there as usual, taking it for granted that it will be sent after you, and overtake you somewhere upon the road. You did very well not to mind the common place dreadful stories of the heats and inconveniences of Spain, which are attended to only

only by little lazy minds, very different from yours, who are rather weak enough to be discouraged by general and unexamined reports, or willing to adopt them by way of excuse for their idleness and incuriousness. Everything in Spain is to a certain degree different (though not near so much so now as in the last century) from everything in the rest of Europe, and consequently worth your seeing with your own eyes; for by the way, so few people see what they see or hear what they hear, that it is by no means safe to trust to any eyes or any ears but one's own.

As I have always taken the liberty to advise you even when unasked; now commanded by you to do it, I shall certainly not decline it. Mr. Hastings your kinsman has a mind to what he calls a small place, and like all candidates for small places thinks that there is nothing so easy as to get one, and is persuaded that *one word from your Lordship* would do the business. The contrary of this is exactly true, for every body being equally fit for those small places, every body asks for them, and those who have the disposal of them, always say that they are, and indeed commonly are engaged ten deep. Those persons are, the First Commissioner of The Treasury, the Lord Steward, and the Lord Chamberlain. As Lord Steward, I have experienced

experienced the infinite number of solicitations and engagements to which that office is always exposed, and of which in three years time I had it not in power to satisfy the five-hundredth part. It is the same in the Chamberlain's office, and still more so in the First Commissioner of the Treasury's, because there are so many more to be disposed of there. I take it that you are very little, if at all, acquainted with any of those three persons, and consequently not entitled to apply to them; but if you did, I can tell you exactly what their answer would be—an extreme polite one, expressing the greatest regard for your Lordship, and promising that they would take the first opportunity of doing something for your kinsman, but at the same time regretting the number of previous engagements which they unfortunately happen to lie under. The consequence of which would evidently be, that nothing would be done for him till you came over yourself to remind and press them. Moreover, to tell you the truth, I do not wish that you should either contract obligations to anybody, or commit your interest till you come over here yourself; I would have you at your arrival here stand quite clear and free, and be neither obliged to anybody for what they may have done at your recommendation, or disobliged for what they may have

have not done. Besides, I will answer for it, that Mr. Hastings will get an employment full as soon by staying till you can solicit it in person for him, as if you were now to write a letter every post in his behalf. In the meantime he has a trade which, if it be worth anything to him, must be worth more than the employment for which he is willing to leave it. If he is a reasonable man, he will feel the force of these reasons and be fully satisfied when you promise him that upon your first arrival in England you will make it a point to procure him something. Could I in the meantime, by any interest of mine, without mixing you in it, do anything for him, upon my word I would; but, in the first place, I have been promised a thing of that kind these five years for an old and faithful servant of my own, which promise remains yet, and will, I believe, for the rest of my life, unperformed; and in the next place, I have done with Court, and Court interest; and there are but two objects in the world that can make me trouble the former, or try the latter; those are to get you and my own son so placed at your first setting out in your own country, as to be able to do the rest for yourselves, and then I shall have done with the world too, and say very willingly *Nunc dimittis*. I think I have most effectually secured your first step, which is

is sufficient, *de te nam caetera sumes*. I hope soon to procure Mr. Stanhope some little foreign commission to begin with, and to teach him the *routine* (for it is chiefly *routine*) of that business to which he is destined.

I cannot help repeating to you, My dear Lord, the volunteer advice, which I took the liberty of giving you when I had the pleasure of seeing you last, with regard to Spain. There *Venus rarius colatur* is not sufficient, but *Venus nunquam colatur* is absolutely necessary; at least *inermis*. Pray do the reverse of Achilles, and provide solid and proof armour for the only vulnerable part. By the way, I must observe that the blunder of a hero's arming himself everywhere but on the vulnerable part would not have been so easily passed over in any modern poet, unless an Irish one. Let no air, probability or even attestations of health, nay of untouched virginity itself tempt you. Their vestal fire is hereditary and inextinguishable.

Lady Chesterfield would have me say a great deal to you for her, in answer to the politest and prettiest letter she ever either received or read; for she declares that she will not pretend to answer it herself. She almost suspects that you sent the flowers for the sake of the letter, and not the letter upon

upon account of the flowers. Though she longs for the Corbeille which she has not seen, yet I find that she does not suppose that the work of any hand in France can equal that work of yours. And I believe she is very much in the right. If you get to Madrid, as you propose by the first of October, I think you would do well to stay there till Christmas, and then, allowing one month for Lisbon, which will be full enough, you may see all the rest of Spain, and get to Barcelona before the great heats begin, and at the very time of the year when the weather will be the most favourable for your going from thence by sea, which will be much the most convenient way, to Genoa or Leghorn. May prosperous gales both in the literal and in the metaphorical sense ever waft you to whatever point you wish.

Your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, November y^e 21ST, 1752

MY DEAR LORD,

I am sure I need not tell you how impatient I was to hear of your safe arrival at Madrid, and

and how pleased I was when I heard it from yourself. You have now gone through the worst part of Spain, so that in your future journeys the country will at least mend upon you, though the manners and cleanliness of the natives will not. Spain is surely the only country in Europe that has been barbarizing itself every day more and more in proportion as all other countries have been civilizing themselves. Since the conquest of that people by the Romans, their most shining period is without question the time of the Moors; and ever since their expulsion, civil and ecclesiastical tyranny have acted in concert, and successfully, in scattering that general darkness and ignorance which are so necessary for their views. Their descendants the Irish, I mean the true, genuine Irish of the West and South of Ireland, are, I can assure you, full as lazy, as proud and as nasty, as their ancestors, and, though they are not civil slaves, they are the most bigoted religious ones in the world. Their Priests, very near as ignorant as themselves, have only sense enough to continue them in that state of darkness, that fits them for their purposes. They now pretend, I am told, to some degree of learning at Madrid, they have a number of people there less ignorant, I suppose, than the rest, whom they call an Academy, and who have lately published a Spanish Dictionary

tionary in seven or eight volumes in Folio, which Monsieur Caravazal has been so good as to send me. As I look upon that nation as a phenomenon, I am very glad that you see it with your own eyes, which is the only way of seeing phenominas as they really are. While you are at Madrid, and afterwards at Lisbon, it will be in your power, and I recommend it to you, to collect at those two most Catholic and most faithful Courts, all the letters of recommendation you possibly can from Nuntios, Cardinals, Bishops and others to their friends at Rome and other parts of Italy. A man who travels with your views of information and improvement cannot have too many letters of recommendation to every place he goes to. The very number of them gives him a degree of consideration; and you may have a great number from people of the very first rank, to Rome, Naples and Parma. I hope you will be able to get to Barcelona in April, or at least before the excessive heats come on in Spain, where, in case of accidents, I take it for granted that their physicians are as ignorant, though perhaps less knaves than their divines.

I am just returned from Bath, where I have been trying for two months what drinking those waters, together with bathing and pumping my head, would do for me. I hear something better than when I went there, but

but still not well enough to think myself restored to society. I do by no means wish to be restored to the noisy, tumultuous and busy part of the world, which I had before renounced by choice, but I justly dread as the greatest of misfortunes, the not being able to hear quietly in my own room, you, and four or five (if there be so many) such as you, who might be at once kind and idle enough to pass a few hours with me there.

Public matters here continue in the same quiet and inactive state in which the death of the late Prince of Wales put them, and are likely to continue so some time longer. For though private interest wants no spur, faction wants a head to conduct it. There are no thoughts yet of enlarging the family of the present Prince of Wales, and I believe there will not of some time; which I am glad of.

Lady Chesterfield would have me every time that I write to you repeat her thanks for the Corbeille which is justly made the capital piece of her dressing room. But I have compounded with her to repeat them only this time, and to give it under my hand as my own opinion as well as her's, that it is at once the prettiest and the finest thing of the kind that ever I saw in my life.

Adieu, My dear Lord, may all pleasures and happiness attend you wherever you go.

Think

Think sometimes of a useless old fellow who is, with the truest affection and esteem, your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

London, March y^e 16TH, 1753

MY DEAR LORD,

I received yesterday by a courier from Madrid the pleasure of your letter of the 1st. My last, in answer to your two former, I believe never reached you. It is a loss you need not regret, nor should I have mentioned it, but to secure myself from the suspicion of negligence or inattention to one who is so deservedly the object of my esteem, my friendship, and I will take the liberty to add, my affection. Your reception at the Court of Madrid cannot have been better than I expected it would be, nor better than you will find wherever you go ; the very few travellers who, like you, do honour to their own country, are received with honour in every other ; while the very many who disgrace their own country by their illiberal conduct and manners, are slighted and avoided as they deserve to be. You will return their Catholic Majesties' civilities in a most heroic Spanish style by coming

coming from Tetuan to Madrid, singly for St. Ferdinand's day. When you are at Gibraltar I think you will do very right to go to Tetuan, which is but a very few hours' sail from it. The scene will be quite a new one to you, and you will not hereafter be displeased with being able to say that you have been in Africa. *Olim haec meminisse juvabit.* You who can see so well should see human nature in all its various modes, modes so various that it requires some degree of reflection to know that they are but modes of the same thing. Nobody in the world but yourself could in the rapidity of such a progress, and in the midst of so many interesting objects, have had the attention to think of music for Lady Chesterfield and hams for me. We are both equally flattered with it and thankful for it. I have formerly tasted Grenada hams, and I remember that I then thought them infinitely superior to any others. I promise you, My dear Lord, to drink your health most sincerely over them before they make me dry. Lady Chesterfield promises herself as much satisfaction for her ears as I do for my palate, for she always admired Farinelli's[3] taste as much as his performance ; she wishes that you would make her compliments to him at your return to Madrid. From your second visit to Madrid I suppose you will think

think of making the best of your way to Italy, where I reckon you will hardly get before July, and then I beg that you will not think of going to Rome till the heats are quite over, and the Campagna de Roma purified of its almost pestilential influence. You may employ that time very well in other parts of Italy till the month of October, when I would by all means advise you to go to Rome and settle there till the month of May or June following. That town once the capital of the world, and now of imposture, deserves upon both accounts your particular attention; the Italian language, in which it will make you perfect, is much the least object of the stay which I wish you to make there. The other towns in Italy you may see sufficiently within the year, and then I should hope and advise that you would draw nearer to your own country. Germany, Flanders, and the Republic of the United Provinces will take you up a year more, by which time at farthest it will probably be prudent for you to appear upon the British Theatre, where you have so considerable a part to act, and such powers to act it well. The King, if then alive, as I hope he will [be], will be that year at Hanover, where I wish you would pass the latter season with him; for I know all the good consequences that would necessarily attend

attend your better acquaintance. By leaving Italy in August, you may very easily get to Hanover in September, and the King never leaves it till the end of October or the beginning of November. I think I advised you in a former letter, but rather than omit the advice I will repeat it, to get all the letters you possibly can from all the people of consideration in Spain, to all the people of the same sort in every part of Italy; and upon the foot you are at Madrid, and will be at Lisbon, you may get hundreds. I only desire to have you known wherever you go. I will trust for all the rest. You see, My dear Lord, that I am still impertinent enough to write to you in a sort of didactic style, which would by no means become me, were it not for my experience of which, unfortunately, I have but too much, and of which, fortunately for you, you cannot yet have much. It is all that I have to offer you, and it will always be at your service, with all that truth and zeal with which I shall ever be, my dear Lord, your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

I direct this to Lisbon as the most likely place for it to find you at.

[3] CARLO BRUSCHI, CALLED FARINELLI (1705–1782), *the famous singer. He had much influence at the Spanish Court.*

London, May y^e 17TH, 1753

MY DEAR LORD,

I shot off two letters at you some time ago, but by yours of the 12th April from Gibraltar, which I have had the pleasure of receiving this moment, I find they both missed you. I congratulate you upon escaping the contusion, for I believe they were both heavy ones; the one was directed to you at Monsieur Castre's at Lisbonne, where you talked of going, and the other at the Post House at Cadix. I only have reason to regret the loss of them, in the fear that it might make you think though but for a moment that my silence was the result of an inattention that I can never have towards you. No My dear Lord, the many marks you have given me of your friendship, and the knowledge I have of your merit, are sure pledges of my attention and regard, not to say friendship and affection for you. You had a narrow escape I find in your attempt to outgo Hercules, but since the danger is over, I am very glad that you undertook the expedition, for as you know more and think more than other people, I would have you see more too, because you will see it better. I am extremely

extremely pleased with the compliment you pay the King of Spain, in return for the extraordinary civilities he showed you. You do honour to yourself and your country by it, which in your right way of thinking makes you amends for the fatigue of the journey. Where do you go next ?—to Portugal, or to Italy ? Let me know your intended route, that now and then you may find some of my letters in your way, instead of their losing their way in endeavouring to overtake you. Old, crazy, deaf, and retired as I am, you expect, I dare say, no news from me, and indeed I believe that a person who should have the good fortune to be the very reverse of your faithful servant, would be at a loss to send you any from hence. In the course of this whole Session there has hardly been a debate in either house of Parliament. You have therefore lost nothing, but on the contrary have got a great deal abroad, by your absence from this idle and inactive scene at home. I take it for granted that you will pass the next winter at Rome, a place that well deserves your attention and observation ; I do not mean upon account of the music and the pictures, the sole objects of most of our wandering countrymen, but upon account of what it was once, and what it now is in other more important respects. How shrunk, how dwindled now from what it was when

when in two successive periods it's arms, and then it's Bulls, made all Europe tremble. I recommend to your attentive perusal while you are [there], an excellent little book of Fra Paolo *de beneficiis*, which detects the unjust claims, the frauds, and the impostures of that Court. Most of our countrymen when at Rome have a noble Protestant pride in not bowing their knee to Baal, and are never presented to the Pope, because they will not condescend to kiss the slipper of Anti-Christ, but were I there, and I fancy you will be of my opinion, I would rather kiss both his slippers and his breech into the bargain if required, than not see that whole ceremony, and converse with him whom President Montesquion, in his Persian letters, calls *un vieux Pagode qu'on encense par habitude*. With regard to his Holyness, I think one need have no reserve, but with regard to the other Pretender that is there, and who will certainly make direct or indirect advances to you, you cannot be too reserved nor categorical. That wretched Court represents common civilities, as good will, which one would by every thing, but shocking rudeness, prevent. Do not imagine My dear Lord that I give you this caution because I think you want it, I know you do not, but it is because I know the little artifices and the vain boastings of those poor people, who, like some

some fine gentlemen I have known, intimate familiarities with fine women where they have only received common civilities. I go next week to bury myself for the summer at Black-heath, that is, there to vegetate with my fellow vegetables, for that is the utmost I can say of my life; but whatever it is, as long as it lasts, I shall be with the truest friendship, affection and esteem, My dear Lord, most faithfully yours

CHESTERFIELD

Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments.

London, July y^e 25TH, 1753

MY DEAR LORD,

I find your Yorkshire expedition amuses you, and I do not wonder at it. The whole scene is new to you, and you see characters that you can see nowhere but in England; I mean the true great English Lord, and the drunken fox-hunting Squire; you see them too in all their glory at an election time, when they think themselves of the greatest, and by the nature of our constitution really are of some, consequence. At Scarborough, where

where they go to wash away their cares, and their claret, you will see them in another light. There they exhibit their *leniores virtutes*, and display all their graces and urbanity. Nay I myself have seen many of them dance there upon their hind legs. Though the distance is great, the transition is natural from Yorkshire to Tetuan. I congratulate you upon the kind remembrance of your friend the governor, and the tokens he has sent you of his friendship. Were you to keep them they would make you remember him indeed, by the trouble and expence they would put you to, but luckily you may dispose of them to one who will be very glad of them ; I mean the Duke of Cumberland,[9] who is very fond of those sort of creatures, and who has a menagerie at his Lodge at Windsor. The King would not care for them ; besides that his menagerie is already rather overstocked with animals still more voracious and of stronger and quicker digestion, as Mr. Pelham who is now at Scarborough can testify. The Trans-Tweedian Ostrich is particularly distinguished by it's greediness. And His Majesty has sixty one of them upon Establishment. The Prince of Wales may perhaps have his reasons too for not keeping them, so that upon the whole I think you must give them to the Duke, who will be obliged to you for them. The music that

that you desire for Lady Carlisle[99] is copying, and as soon as copied, shall be sent to her directly to Castle Howard, under cover to My Lord. You expect I suppose no news from this part of the world, especially from one who does not belong to it. I have left it *uti conviva satur*, you are but sitting down to it; may it afford you all the satisfaction pleasure and honour you can wish yourself; or what perhaps is still more, all that is wished you by, My dear Lord, your most faithfull humble servant

CHESTERFIELD

[9] HENRY FREDERICK DUKE OF CUMBERLAND (1745-1790). *Son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and younger brother of King George III, who was born 4th June, 1738, and is mentioned here as "The Prince of Wales."*

[99] ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM, 4TH LORD BYRON, *married first*, 1743, *Henry Howard, Earl of Carlisle.*

Black-heath, September y^e 7TH, 1753

MY DEAR LORD,

The post has done kindly for us both, for it has delivered me faithfully your three letters

letters, and dropped by the way, mine to you, which I directed to Scarborough. I can assure you, that you lost nothing by that accident except the account of my having executed your orders, which I should be sorry that you should ever think me capable of neglecting. The music was immediately copied and sent to Lady Carlisle, and I advised you to make a present to the Duke of Cumberland of your two Ostriches; he being in my opinion the only man in England who would be glad of them. You have I dare say in your late Northern travels seen full as extraordinary creatures as they, or any other animals at Tetuan.

I do not suppose that your stay at your Mansion seat will be very long, not because of the badness of your house, but of the company within reach of it. I do not care how soon that drives you to Bath, for I shall be there in a fortnight myself.

I should be extremely glad to serve any person so much recommended by both Lady Huntingdon and yourself, though from different motives, as your parson is. And if I find any opportunity of recommending him to any young man of fashion who is going abroad, I certainly will. As for Lord Villiers[3] I know he is provided for, Mr. Whitehead who has been with him these many years being to travel with him. Adieu my dear Lord,

Lord, a longer letter from a deaf hermit, added to the company of Kts. Baronets, and Esquires, who I presume honour you with their company, at Dunnington, would be too hard upon you. Yours most faithfully

CHESTERFIELD

[9] GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS (1735–1805), 4TH EARL OF JERSEY.

Bath, Oct. y^e 21ST, 1753

MY DEAR LORD,

You are absolute master of my park, my bucks, my does, my fawns, and all that is within my gates, and I shall say to the handsomest of them *Veteres migrate Coloni.* My predecessors were very jealous and tenacious of that breed, and wanted to monopolize it; but I have taken the liberty to differ from them, and as far as in me lay, have let them *spread their image o'er the land*; desirous wherever I could of mending every species of animals, from the rational down to the irrational. Give your keeper orders to go in the proper season, to mine, for some of the finest fawns, which I believe will be a surer way

way of improving your breed, than by grown up bucks who would probably be very ill received by the present proprietors, who like true English bucks would not be very hospitable to strangers, in which case you would have none of their breed. The master bucks having the secret, which no other husbands or lovers have yet found out of keeping their wives and mistresses to themselves, notwithstanding the liberty they allow them of going into company. This *procédé* you must allow to be very generous in me, when I tell you the injury you have done me, unknowingly I will suppose, and therefore I willingly forgive you. Know then that for at least a year I have been passionately in love with Miss Bladen, and had indirectly declared it to her by the means of her mother; I had even taken such other prudent measures, that in five and twenty or thirty years more, I had good reason to hope that I should bring matters to bear. But you have now nipped those hopes in their bloom, and I fear your vaticination will prove too true—that Salisbury's order must give way to Bladen's. To save my honour a little, I have resigned her in form to you, to avoid being turned out, as I signified yesterday to her mother, who is now here; so that you are now rid of a most dangerous rival, *et vous avez le champ libre.*

Our

Our times of being in London tally pretty well to procure me the pleasure of seeing you there, before you come here; I have a thousand things to say to you, of which since I shall see you so soon, I will write but one, which is that I am My dear Lord most inviolably yours

CHESTERFIELD

Black-heath, September y^e^ 24TH, 1754

MY DEAR LORD,

Though I interest myself extremely in whatever concerns you, I never want to know the motives of your conduct, any more than I want to know those of the order of the universe, and for the same reason; a thorough conviction that whatever is is right. You will see Germany full as well in your way from Italy, as you could have done in your way to it. I send you here enclosed the letters you ordered to Osorio,[3] and Nicolini, but more to do myself than you any service with them, for when they know you, they will think the better of me for belonging to you. Many of my countrymen who knew Osorio here, complain that he looks upon them at Turin as if he did not know them. They mistake the thing quite; he looks upon

upon them in that manner because he does know them, and I do not wonder at him, for in truth, *quels gens*! But he can distinguish, and you will find that he will. Everything in Italy is worth your seeing, though there are very few places worth your staying long at; perhaps none but Rome, which greatly deserves your acquaintance and attention. The Corsinis[99] will be of great use to you there the first week, after which you will want no help. The picture you order, since you do order it, shall be sent to Mr. Selwyn's as soon as I can get one tolerably done, for it ought at least to have the only merit it can have, that of the painting. The hand ought in conscience to make some amends for the face. Here I am still My dear Lord, in the hermitage where you left me, sauntering away as quietly as I can the poor remnant of my life. To pass it without pain is all that I ask; pleasures, I am not absurd enough to hope for, or pursue; at your age, when one can run after and overtake them it is very right to do it; but at mine, to hobble and halt after pleasures, is too ridiculous. Letters from a man thus half dead should be short. So adieu My dear Lord, may health attend you wherever you go; you have everything else that could be wished you by your *Nutricula*, a title which I am now old woman enough to pretend to.

Lady

Lady Chesterfield says, and I believe her, that she is very much your servant.

[9] CHEVALIER OSORIO, *Minister from the King of Sardinia.*

[33] THE CORSINI, *a great Tuscan family, gave the Church a Pope in the person of Lorenzo Corsini, who reigned as Clement XII from* 1730 *to 6th Feb.,* 1740.

London, Feb. y^e 21ST, 1755

MY DEAR LORD,

I only accused the post of your long silence, and I find by your letter that I accused it justly; for I have too long experienced your attention and friendship to distrust them now, though grown useless to you and all mankind, as well as tiresome to myself. Most friendships are a mere commercial intercourse, a barter of conveniences or necessaries, reciprocally wanted. Yours has a disinterested and more generous principle; you know the truth and warmth of my sentiments for you, and you repay them without making any deductions for their inutility.

You

You are now My dear Lord at the seat of Arts, though perhaps not of Sciences, Florence, and by the pains you take to be a *Virtuoso*, I venture to pronounce that you will be *Virtuosissimo*, for you will always excel in whatever you undertake. A taste of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, is both an ornament and an amusement to a man of sense. But when carried by fools and blockheads into pedantry and affectation, becomes a just and inexhaustible object of ridicule, and that is commonly the case of most of our travelling countrymen. As they have more money than taste, or manners, they lavish it equally ill in their *Virtu* and in their vices. The antiquities they purchase are often more modern than their mistresses, and they are equally the bubbles of their *Ruffiani* and their *Ciceroni*.

The plan of your future motions is an extreme good one, and will admit of your return to your own country, as soon as in all probability it will be worth your while. Before that time I see nothing likely either to require or deserve your presence here. You will employ that interval much more advantageously in seeing as you ought, all that others go to see, and in truth do not see. You will (to borrow Poet Bays's expression) see with the eye of reason, most people

people only see optically and singly by the visual ray.

I am very sorry to find that you have had any other use for Cocchi, than as a companion ; he is a man of parts and knowledge, I knew him many years ago in England. I will venture to prescribe to you for your bilious cholics, which formerly I was much troubled with, and of which I entirely cured myself by leaving off wine, and taking a great many acids, such as the juice of Seville oranges and lemons ; I know that wine is generally ordered in bilious cases, but I know too that it is only a temporary relief, that increases the distemper afterwards. At this distance from us here, I suppose you, as well as nine in ten of mankind here, take it for granted by our great naval preparations that we are upon the brink of a war, but for my own part (though no longer a dabbler in politics) I am of a very different opinion ; the French have certainly no mind to a war, and we are certainly unable to carry one on. We look as big as we can at each other ; but in my opinion, not in the intention to quarrel, but in the hopes of intimidating reciprocally, and then agreeing upon easier terms.

Adieu My dear Lord, between a deaf man and a dead one, there is very little difference, but between a deaf man and a dull one, I am

am sure there is none ; letters from the dead, if they could be written, and received, might be long, because they would probably be entertaining and instructive, but letters from the deaf and the dull should be short. This is consequently already too long, and I will not lengthen it by the trite and unfelt professions of sentiments, which I really feel, and which I am sure you are convinced of.

CHESTERFIELD

Bath, October y^e 25TH, 1755

MY DEAR LORD,

Your letter of the 28th Sept. from Florence which I received two days ago, gave me a pleasure proportioned to the anxiety which your long silence had given me before. Sometimes I feared for your health, sometimes I accused the negligence of the post, but I never suspected, nor doubted of the continuance of your friendship ; such a suspicion would have been too injurious to us both, as one of us must have been in the wrong, which in sentiments of friendship I think neither of us is capable of being. I find it was the post that

that was in the wrong to us both, for I never received that letter to which you refer in your last, as I find that you never received my former. I will send this therefore by the way of Germany, through which it is more likely to go safe at this time, than through France. You have made a long stay at Florence, and I dare say a very useful one ; it is both the school of *Virtu* and of the purity of the Italian language, which I am sure you are by this time critically master of. You are now going to put your *Lingua Toscana* into *Bocca Romana*, which makes the perfection of the whole. Rome deserves a winter's residence upon account of the inanimate remains of it's antient lustre, and the shameful degeneracy of the present animated race (if they deserve that name) from their illustrious ancestors of 1700 years ago. A degeneracy, the natural result of civil and religious tyranny. They are now a nation of fiddlers, pipers, dancers and *id genus omne*, a ridiculous *travesty* of old Rome. I cannot My dear Lord, inform you with any degree of precision, when the Prince of Wales is to marry, and consequently when his family will be enlarged ; this only I know with certainty, that the double marriages of him and his sister Lady Augusta,[3] with the Princess and Prince of Brunswick are fixed, and I conjecture that they will probably be

be consummated in the course of next summer ; so that I wish for your return to England next May. At Courts, *les absens ont toujours tort*, and I am very sure that your presence here will be of more use to you upon that occasion, than all the friends you have or could have. The object is in my mind of the utmost importance to you, in all those views which you ought to entertain, and in which you must succeed, if once you have a footing. You may say with more truth than Archimedes did, *da ubi stem*, etc. Upon this plan, it is true, you will see Germany but superficially, and not as you have seen all the other countries where you have hitherto been ; but if you can allot one month to Vienna and another to Berlin, you will have seen what is the best worth seeing there, and you will have seen it better than those who have stayed six months at each. Few people see what they see, or hear what they hear, you do both, and therefore require much less time than usual for either. I reckon that you have now been abroad at least twenty years, not by the Calendar indeed, but by the use you have made of your travels, compared with other people's.

Here I am, endeavouring to repair my shattered fabric to little purpose I fear, at least not for long duration, I am sure. It totters,

totters, it cracks, and lets in the weather on all sides. But crazy as it is, it has a heart, which while it lasts, will be truly and faithfully, My dear Lord, Yours

C.

[9] *Only one of these marriages took place.* LADY AUGUSTA *duly married on 17th January, 1764, Charles William Ferdinand, hereditary Prince of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel. George III married later Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.*

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS BROTHER, HON. SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE, K.B.

Bath, March y^e^ 2ND, 1756

DEAR BROTHER,[9]

I told you that I was grown irritable, and now you will find that I am so, to your cost, nay, this time to your double cost, for I here enclose a letter to Lord Huntingdon, which I desire that you will give him if he is at Rome, or forward to him, wherever else he may be, which I suppose you will know.

I

I received a letter from him by the last post, but by his account of his intended motions they were to be too rapid for me to take any good aim at him.

Here I am still in my cell like a Chartreux growing better in health though slowly, but worse as to deafness, and that not slowly. However, my philosophy and my experience keep up my spirits against those physical ills which age and a shattered constitution have brought upon me. As I have gone through every thing, I have been able from experience to appraise most things at their true value, and by a pretty just calculation I find that I lose very little by losing for the poor remainder of my life my share of those things which all agree to call pleasures, though perhaps few find them so in fact. But this is too grave, for so fine a gentleman as you are now grown, who are whirled in a vortex of pleasures, and flutter from *Loge to Loge* among fine women. Our English husbands though infinitely tamer than usual, are not yet quite so gentle as your Italian ones, for they write me word from London that Lord Coventry will be illnatured enough to send his wife to perpetual exile, in his Mansion seat in Worcestershire ; and all this only for lying with Lord Bolingbroke. What a brute must he be ? My Lady has long ago objected to a certain inquisitiveness and impertinent curiosity,

curiosity, which she observed in my Lord's temper, and therefore very pleasantly gave him the name of peeping Tom of Coventry, whom you and I have seen looking out of his window as often as we have gone through that town. They are still frightened out of their wits, at the intended French invasion, and the Court, as I am informed, gives the inglorious example of fear. Blockheads are busy as they always are in times of supposed danger, and many of the *nobility* and *gentry* are raising Volunteer Regiments determined to spill the last drop of their blood in the defence of their King and country. Unimportant as I know myself to be, I shall quietly raise melons at Black-heath, and if you return at the time you propose, shall give you some as good perhaps as most that you have eaten in Italy.

Lord Ashburnham[99] is very soon to be married to the youngest Miss Crowley. At an average of fat and lean they will make only *embonpoint* together. Miss Shepherd is to be married to a Mr. Ingram,[999] heir to a Lord Irvin, in defiance of her father's prohibition of a Scotch title. Lord Mountfort[9999] refused her categorically. À propos of that Lord, whose stature you have seen, he went the other day to see an Italian giant now in London, whom every body goes to see, and who is really above eight feet high; the

the price is half a crown, which when Lord Mountfort tendered to the giant, the giant generously refused, saying that they were quits, for that if his Lordship had seen him, he had also seen his Lordship. For a giant and an Italian, I think this was a good conceit.

This, I think is a sufficient dose of futility for this time, so good night. Yours most affectionately

C.

[9] SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE, K.B. (1702–1772), *d.s.p.*

[99] JOHN EARL OF ASHBURNHAM (1742–1812) *married 28th June*, 1756, *Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Crowley, of Barking, Suffolk, son and heir of Sir Ambrose Crowley, Alderman of London, whose daughter Elizabeth had married Sir William Stanhope as his second wife.*

[999] CHARLES, 9TH VISCOUNT IRVINE AND LORD INGRAM (1728–1778), *married, in June* 1758, "*Miss Frances Gibson, commonly called Shepheard, of Whitehall, Midx.*"

[9999] THOMAS, 2ND LORD MOUNTFORD (1733–1799), *succeeded his father* 1755.

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD TO LORD HUNTINGDON

Bath, March y^e^ 2ND, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

I find that we have both been lucky, in receiving all your letters, you in escaping mine; I directed them to your banker at Paris, Mr. Selwyn, not knowing how to take a better aim at you in the rapidity of your motions. This I enclose to my brother, who will know how to forward it to you. About six weeks ago, you was very near losing a faithful friend and servant, who loves, honours, and admires you. As soon as I was able to undergo the journey, I had recourse to my old friends these waters, which I shall continue to drink a month longer. They have as usual proved *eaux de convalescence* to me, but by no means *eaux de jouvence*. The latter I did not expect, and to say the truth, very little desired. Negative health is all that I ask, for the remainder of my term, and whether that be longer, or shorter, is extremely indifferent to me.

You

You will every where be well received, whether by Pope or Turk, because you will deserve it, and accept of it. I never mind the complaints of most of my countrymen, when they say, that they were not well received at such or such or such a Court, when in truth they are not fit to be received at all anywhere. They will neither give nor take attentions and good manners.

Our old Court and our young Court, according to custom begin to disagree, though I hope and believe that they will both be wise enough to keep their differences within the bounds of decency, and avoid an open rupture; however this incident has I believe put off the Prince of Wales's marriage, and consequently the extension of his family to next year; so that you will have time enough for the execution of your foreign plan, in the supposition that you leave Italy after the Carnaval at Milan; and indeed, impatient as I am to see you again, I do not however wish to have you here before the next Session of Parliament, which will not be till November or December next. The more you are a stranger to the present disagreeable situation of the two Courts, the better; for reasons which will easily occur to you. As you have already seen all the other countries of Europe, in a way that nobody else has, Germany, with which we are so much

much connected, well deserves your attention too. You will see many Courts there, but there are two, which, in my mind, you should not only see but be intimately acquainted with ; I mean those of Vienna and Berlin, with which this country must always have great transactions. At Munich and Dresden you will only see the tawdry gew-gaw exterior of Courts without government or policy. At the latter you will find nothing worth staying for but Lord Stormont, who will be there before you can. He will do honour to that character, which it must be owned most of our Foreign Ministers disgrace. At Berlin you will find a great and able Prince to study, who will study you too ; and I will answer for it, that you will both be extremely pleased with each other. As I have the honour, I cannot tell why, of being extremely well with his Prussian Majesty, your owning me to him as one of your servants, and as an admirer of his, if by accident I should happen to be mentioned in any of your conversations, will do you no hurt. I must by all means recommend to you My dear Lord, to go to the Court of Brunswick for a fortnight or three weeks, there to make that advantageous impression, which you can so well make upon the mind of that young Princess who is one day to be Queen of this country. Queens have always had *voix en chapitre* here. When so

so near Hanover as at Brunswick, you must not omit going there for two or three days, that at your return here, *you may not be thought to have slighted it.* You will I suppose end with Holland, which deserves to be seen, and well seen too, as you see all that you do see. When I say Holland, I mean chiefly the Hague, which is the principal seat both of the Government, and of the best company.

I well know by experience, My dear Lord, that you forgive the officious, and perhaps impertinent advice of an old fellow, whose principal motive in desiring to crawl some time longer upon the face of the earth, is to see at least the dawn of that lustre with which you must one day shine in this country. I shall be useless to you, as I am already to myself, but my sincerest wishes will always attend you, for while I exist at all, I shall ever be with the truest affection and esteem My dear Lord, your most faithful and obedient servant

CHESTERFIELD

*Black-heath, May y^e^* 10TH, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

I received yesterday the pleasure of your letter of the 23rd April from Vienna, as I had

had a few days before that of the 4th from Genoa. I find by them both that none of my last three letters have had the good fortune to meet with you. This which I direct to you at Mr. Mitchel's, our Minister at Berlin, will I hope have better luck, and by the best calculation I can make, will meet you there.

You have been My dear Lord, very near losing a most faithful friend, servant, and admirer ; for these last three months I little thought that I should have lived to send you a letter of this date. I am still in a declining way, and rather reprieved than pardoned. In the mean time I wait calmly for the last moment, which I believe is not very remote, without wishing or fearing it.

Could I grudge you any good fortune, I should envy you your stay at Berlin, where you will see, and be seen by a Prince who has upon a thousand occasions done me honours, which I have no claim to, and who I am sure will do you justice. You ought to be acquainted with each other, as you are so capable of judging of each other. You will see at Berlin what I will venture to say you have not often seen in your various travels, a Man-King whose birthright is his least claim to government. You will see a genius, a philosopher, a legislator, and a man, miraculously cloathed in purple and descended *Atavis Regibus.* One who

who has banished Chicanea, and bigotry out of his dominions, and restored justice and reason to their natural rights. That is the phenomenon which I almost grudge you the sight of, and shall always regret having never seen myself. If by accident in your conversations my name should ever be mentioned, let me beg of you My dear Lord, to express, which you can do better than I can, that respect, veneration and admiration, which you know I have for that *Man-King*. *Je ne vous desavoueray pas.*

The talked of invasion of this country by the French, I will venture to assure you need not hasten your return here by an hour; I am convinced it never was the intention of the French; but as they knew the prodigious timidity of our administration upon that subject, they very wisely frightened them out of their wits with threatening what they never intended to execute, in order to execute without interruption, what they did not threaten, but what we ought to have been aware of, and have provided against, I mean the taking Minorca, and sending fleets and troops to America, where I take them now to be masters of doing whatever they please. You may therefore see Germany at full leisure, not only with regard to that affair, but with regard to the *other*, for I have reason to believe that there will be no extension

sion of a certain family this year; the two parts of that family being at present upon such terms as one could wish. The intended marriage is put off by *the Mother* for this year, upon frivolous pretences; in short, things go worse in that family than I dare describe to you in a letter by the common post. In all events you will do well to pass some time at Brunswick, and to settle an interest there with a *Young Lady qui tôt ou tard*[9] must be of consequence here. You will not I am sure omit a short visit to Hanover, were it only to talk of at your return here.

I must put an end to this letter, which you will easily perceive to be the result of a declining head and a trembling hand; it is as painful to me to write, as it will be disagreeable to you to read; my heart alone retains all the sentiments of truth, friendship, and esteem with which I have so long been, and shall be while I am at all, My dear Lord, yours most sincerely and affectionately

CHESTERFIELD

[9] LORD CHESTERFIELD *put his money on the wrong horse in this case.*

Black-heath, May y^e 19TH, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

This letter is only to contradict great part of my last. The Prince of Wales's family will be enlarged and fixed in about two months. As soon as I was informed of this, I had a conversation with the Duke of Newcastle upon your subject, and told him that I hoped that you was to be a part of that new establishment. He answered me to my great surprise, that he had reason to believe that you would not accept; I replied that I had no reason to believe any such thing, and begged to know his. He said that the King having absolutely fixed Lord Waldegrave for Groom of the Stole and the Marquess of Rockingham for Master of the Horse, he was assured that you would not accept of a Lord of the Bedchamber's place. I told him that though I thought that you had as good a right to either of those places, as either of those who were to have them, I did not however apprehend that you would refuse being a Lord of the Bedchamber, and begged that that might not be supposed, till I could hear finally from you, but that the place might be eventually kept open for you, which he promised

promised it should. Now, My dear Lord, I not only think but am so absolutely sure that it is essentially necessary for you to be about the person of the Prince of Wales, whose grandfather is seventy-three, that I most earnestly beg of you not to sacrifice so solid an advantage, to an imaginary point of honour, and that you will by the very next post send me an ostensible letter authorising me to signify to his Grace your willing acceptance of the place of Lord of the Bedchamber, and I think it might be proper for you to write a letter to the Duke of Newcastle to the same effect. I can say to you with truth, what the late Duke of Somerset [said] absurdly, when accidentally placed below himself one day at table, *the best place is wherever I sit.*[9] That must and will be your case in that Court.

Pardon this freedom which flows from that zeal for your interest, which will ever animate, My dear Lord, the truest and warmest of all your friends and servants

CHESTERFIELD

Pray pass some days at Brunswick and cultivate an interest with the eldest Princess.

[9] THE HIGHLAND CHIEF, THE MCNAB, *also said: "Where the McNab sits, there is the Head of the Table."*

Black-heath, July y^e 2ND, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

This moment I receive yours of the 19th past, and lose no time in answering it, though unable enough either to write or think. By your account, I hope this letter will find you still at Berlin, and prolong your stay there, as in my mind, the King of Prussia and you reciprocally deserve to be very well acquainted with each other. I believe you judge the climate of Courts to be a very variable one; you will in time from experience know it to be so. Some variations have lately happened at our two, the young and the old one, which will necessarily suspend the proposed increase of the Prince of Wales's family. I cannot give you the particulars of this affair by the common post, but will only say in general that the conduct of the younger Court seems to me highly imprudent. But be that as it will, in the present awkward situation of things, I think your absence is more advisable than your presence. By your letter to the Duke of Newcastle, you have fixed the main affair, which is what I had at heart, and now, till other things are fixed, and till you can see your way more clearly, I

I would rather that you were entirely out of the scrape. You may depend upon my acquainting you with the moment in which your return may be necessary, and till then, I advise you to employ your time at Berlin, Dresden, Brunswig, etc., as you shall like best, either for the *utile* or the *dulce*; though you always join them. For the former, a fortnight three weeks, or even a month, may not be ill employed *at Brunswig.*

We have lost our old expensive, and inefficient ally, the Queen of Hungary, but on the other hand we have acquired a more efficient, and I will say, a more powerful one, in the King of Prussia. His Prussian Majesty has too much sagacity and penetration not to guess that his Silesia is the true and secret cement of that unnatural new Alliance, and too much foresight not to be upon his guard against it; so that I have no fears upon that score. Adieu My dear Lord, without the final epistolary ceremony, which would between us be superstition.

CHESTERFIELD

I beg my compliments to Mr. Mitchel.[9]

[9] SIR ANDREW MITCHELL, K.B. (1708–1771).

Black-heath, October y^e 9TH, 1756

I much fear, My dear Lord, that our motions will not coincide so well as I could wish, mine being so very uncertain. I propose being at Bath either the 23rd or 30th of this month, but which of the two will depend upon the variations of my wretched state of health, and upon the orders of the skilful. I am very sorry that Lady Huntingdon was so much mistaken on the wrong side, in her estimate of the necessary repairs at Dunnington, but since that has happened, *il faut partir de la ou nous sommes*, and if two or three hundred pounds more will complete that plan which has already cost two thousand, I would advise the adding of that to save the rest. In all events let me beg of you My dear Lord, to say nothing to Lady Huntingdon upon her miscalculation, that may produce the least coldness between you; for in that case, though she should be ever so much in the wrong, and you ever so much in the right, the public, generally in the wrong too, would take her part. It is upon this principle that I most earnestly recommend to you to give up your brother[3] entirely to her disposal,

disposal, without the least difficulty on your part. By the accounts which you have formerly given me of him *ce n'est pas le bois dont on en fait.* (You will I am sure forgive me this freedom.) Let her make what she will or can of him. A *scamnum* or a *priapum* that is, a bencher or a parson. You can make nothing liberal of him, nor is there occasion for it, as a *priapus*, which I take it for granted her Ladyship intends that he shall be ; and indeed, *tel qu'il est*, I think it is the best thing she can do ; for his quality will soon get him a deanery, and at last a Bishopric. *Laissez la donc faire tout doucement.* Her character is a very popular one, her enthusiasm has raised it with many people and has lowered it with none. Your character, which is now forming in your own country, and which will be the first in your country, must not have that little speck, which the least coldness between your mother and you would throw upon it, in the opinion of the majority. It is not the least useful part of worldly knowledge, to know when to yield, though in the right, to others though in the wrong.

The Prince of Wales's establishment will, I am told, be formed immediately before the meeting of Parliament, and Lord Bute has carried his point. No matter. You will in time carry yours, and reduce him to ask of you

you that protection, which at first, I suppose he will graciously offer you on his part. *Laissez le faire.* Pursue your object steadily, but *a petit bruit*, get possession of the heart of your young man, and of his head too, if it be worth it, and if it be not, it will of course follow his heart. Adieu My dear Lord, forgive this loquacity of an old fellow, who is with so much esteem, friendship, and sentiment, yours

C.

[9] HON. HENRY HASTINGS, *only surviving brother, died unmarried 13th Sept.*, 1758.

Bath, October y^e 30TH, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

As nothing relative to you can be indifferent to me, you will, I am sure, not only forgive but indulge a friendly inquisitiveness. You have been this day Master of the Horse a week; a short time I confess for any body but yourself; but in that short time, I am sure, you have been laying good foundations, and making just observations. How were you received at first by the Young Gentleman, and by the Lady? If they had some

some rough corners towards you, I dare say you have already, to a great degree, smoothed them, and by some more collision, you will soon polish them quite. How has the favourite behaved himself towards you ? In all events, should he grow wanton, mettlesome, or even vicious, do not whip and spur him, but *montrez vous le plus sage*, or according to the vulgar saying, give him rope enough. Your morning rides, I am persuaded have not been useless ; air and exercise give spirits, and spirits produce good humour and unguardedness, especially at eighteen.

What becomes of the Triumvirate ? It is said here that the Duke of Newcastle will soon quit, and Mr. Pitt come in. If so, I presume that Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt have, like Octavius and Anthony, agreed *quoad hunc* reserving to themselves the privilege and the intention of quarrelling soon afterwards *quoad hoc*. With all my heart, let them agree or differ, I am a most unconcerned bystander. I wish well to the whole in general, and to the few friends that I have or desire to have in particular, and that is all that I can do for either.

As for you My dear Lord, I can wish you no real good but what you possess already, independently of external accidents. Your merit may perhaps not always be rewarded as it should be, but it will be always esteemed and

and respected, which is the reward that real merit values the most.

Adieu, I am My dear Lord, your most crazy, but faithful servant,

C.

Bath, November y^e 6TH, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

I acknowledge at once both your letters, which I received in due time, the last this morning. One must be what you are to find time, and to employ it in writing to an insignificant, deaf, old fellow as I am. Your being excused so graciously from riding with the Young Gentleman, amounts as I take it, to a civil prohibition, but I am sure that you *seem* to take it and acknowledge it as a favour. At Court it is necessary to be very quick sighted, but it is often as necessary too to seem blind. You will therefore not see that the Young Gentleman has the least reserve to you, and go on as if he had none. Perhaps too in truth, what seems reserve in him, may be the want of something to say, and in that case his *aridité*, as Madame Maintenon calls it, may be glad to be moistened by your conversation. In all events, persevere,

persevere, it will, it must do sooner or later. If ever his conversation turns upon the present distracted state of affairs, in my opinion, you should avoid seeming to take any other part in them, than wishing that whatever may tend the most to the ease and glory of his approaching reign may prevail.

There must no doubt be the appearance of a settlement for the opening of the Session, but what sort of one I cannot form in my own mind; but I rather think that Mr. Pitt will prevail, though I confess his demands are very strong, and will be most reluctantly complied with, if complied with, by one whom I know. I think Mr. Fox single in the house of commons will not be able to withstand the parliamentary talents of Mr. Pitt, and I find that the latter is in general more popular too than the former. I really pity the old gentleman, who, I am informed, is in the utmost distress and affliction; I dread his death at a time when an Uncle (not a Duke of Gloucester indeed[29]) is at the head of an army of fourscore thousand men.

Last Wednesday I went to Clifton to pay my court to Lady Huntingdon and Lady Selina, who are at this time above stairs with Lady Chesterfield, both in perfect health, and Lady Selina in perfect beauty.

Since

Since I have been here, I think, I have recovered a little strength, but the gradations are exceedingly slow; however, I will do nothing to precipitate them. A little is so much more than I expected, that I am content with it; but in the way that all people are contented, that is, wishing for more. Adieu My dear Lord, forgive these idle rhapsodies of an idle man, who is most faithfully yours

C.

P. S. RICHARD III.

Bath, November y^e 18TH, 1756

MY DEAR LORD,

Au deffaut de la force il faut emploier la ruse is the wise maxim of the wisest set of people in the world, I mean the Jesuits. They never despair; difficulties animate instead of discouraging them, and by thinking few things impossible, they really find very few so. *Hac tibi erunt artes*, I hope with the sulky Young Gentleman. I am aware how difficult and disagreeable it must be at your age, and with your spirit, to seem not to see a treatment which it is intended that you should both see and resent. But as the stake you

you play for is a very great one, mind your own game without interruption, and do not be put out of your play or your temper by the provoking manner of your adversary. You must win it at last. Speak to him, if he will not speak to you ; though he be cold, be you officious and, above all, take care not to complain to any one mortal living, of this improper behaviour, but when you are told by any body that *he* does not speak to you, content yourself with saying that he is naturally not talkative, *especially before much company*. Another caution, allow me My dear Lord to give you, which is, to make civil, but by no means warm returns to the advances of the younger brother.[3] There ever has been, and ever will be jealousies between two brothers, though not always made public. Stick therefore to the body of the tree, and not even play with the branches and the twigs. *Agacez* the Lady, and *the favourite*. For I will venture to affirm that there never was woman nor man who did not to a certain degree yield at last to talents and address much inferior to yours, if joined to an unwearied perseverance. It seems to me probable that you will be desired to move or second the Address in the House of Lords on the first day of the Session, but it seems to me much more prudent that you should absolutely decline it. Things are yet by no means

means clear nor settled enough for you to engage so far; and it would be in a manner declaring yourself *le serviteur des événemens.* Some changes I find are made; more I know are to be made, but I confess I do not comprehend the whole thing; I am bewildered in it, and in the light in which I see it from hence I think it cannot last. There must be, to be sure, a *dessous des Cartes* which, when one does not know, one can only think at random and talk absurdly upon those matters; therefore I will say no more upon that subject. Can you forgive me My dear Lord my impertinence in giving so much advice, to one who wants so little? But consider that it is not Lord Chesterfield who pretends to advise Lord Huntingdon, but it is an old fellow in his grand climacteric, who having lived long in the world, in Courts, and in business, communicates the result of his experience to a young man of five and twenty who wants nothing but experience. Besides, I never give any advice to those who want much; for they neither understand nor follow it. I am extremely glad that the Grandfather looks so well, but am astonished at his being so easy, and cheerful. He has been so excessively kind and gracious to me, that I am obliged in gratitude to wish him well, but I have many more important reasons to do so, in the present situation of affairs,

affairs, and without deifying him, I say with truth, *Laetus diuque intersis.* I am yours

CHESTERFIELD

[9] *Probably* THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, *the second brother was* THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Bath, January y^e 19TH, 1757

MY DEAR LORD,

This is rather a receipt than a return for your letter; I shall have the pleasure of seeing you some time next week, therefore I will give you very little trouble this week. Dressing at the favourite is in my mind a surer proof of affection than either verbal declarations, or more important acts of favour, which policy may suggest. But those little things are the natural and unaffected movements of the heart.

The poniard that wounded his most Christian Majesty was, I dare say, whetted by enthusiastic and directed by ecclesiastic fury. Civil rage often draws the sword but, seldom the dagger. Stilettos are now out of fashion among the laity, and only lurk under Cassocks, and in large sleeves. But I will keep my word and not tire you now, *sauf a le faire*

faire de bouche la semaine prochaine. Yours most truly and warmly

C.

Black-heath, August y^e 2ND, 1757

MY DEAR LORD,

I am infinitely edified with your pastoral philosophy. Renouncing the frivolous bustle of the busy world, you seek, elegantly inglorious, the silver stream, the shady grove, and the flowery lawn; you are reviving the happy simplicity of the golden age, which many people have looked upon as fabulous, and the plains of Leicestershire will soon rival those of Arcadia. How uncommon and how commendable is such philosophy at your age, which would almost justify dissipation and riot! But as I am apt to be a little sceptical, allow me to doubt of the motives Is there no Naiad who endears the Crystal stream to you? No Dryad, or if you will, Hamadryad, who at once adorns and invites you, to the shady groves? No Nymph who gently trips it over the flowery plains, seeming to fly in the hopes of being pursued, and in the resolution of being overtaken? This perhaps, to those who do not know you so well

well as I do, would seem a more natural way of accounting for your *Sylvas amem*, etc. But I do not decide, I only doubt. *A propos* do not mistake me, and think me a Pagan, in the supposition that I really believe in Dryads, Naiads, Nymphs, etc., for upon my word I do not believe that there are any such beings ; but I do believe that youth, exercise and great health may dignify, Dryadise and Naiadise, the Squire's or the Curate's plump daughters, or even the cherry cheeked milk maid. And why not ? It is just as well, if the imagination be but agreeably seized. We owe the greatest part of our pleasures and our pains to the imagination, true wisdom encourages and assists it in the former case, corrects and checks it in the latter. The happiest, and the unhappiest men in the world are those who severally think themselves such, no matter why. Of those who think themselves either at Court, I cannot give you the least account, having for this last fortnight seen nobody who could give me any. Ten or twelve thousand of our Land forces are to sail forthwith from the Isle of Wight, upon some secret expedition, and so secret a one, that in my private opinion, the secret will never be known at all. As for the King of Prussia, *Ilia ducit.* He has acquainted the King, that he can now only pretend to act upon the defensive, his Army being

being so much reduced by his last defeat, and his former victories. The Russians are at work upon him without interruption northwards, and have taken Memel, the Swedes are by this time in possession of Pomerania, the French have taken Gueldres and Oostfrize; so that he will soon be a little King, though always a great man. I am sorry that I have been so true a prophet with regard to him, but I prophesied, as all prudent prophets should do, upon the greater degree of probability. Upon this principle, I now prophecy that the first letters from Hanover will bring an account of the Duke's being extremely beaten by the Marechal D'Etrées[9]; the last letters brought word that a battle within a day or two, was inevitable; the Marechal has near double the number of troops, and I have always observed, as well as the great Prince of Condé, *que le bon Dieu aime les gros escadrons*. Here I am My dear Lord, just as you left me, quiet in body and in mind, strong in neither, and content that they are no worse. In every situation of either, I am ever with the truest affection and attachment, My dear Lord, yours

C.

[9] LOUIS CHARLES CÉSAR LE TELLIER *Duc d'Estrées* (1697–1771).

London, Monday noon, 1761

MY DEAR LORD,

When I had the honour of being one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the late King as Prince of Wales, the late John, Duke of Argyle, was groom of the stole; when he was present no gentleman of the bedchamber ever thought of giving the shirt, nor he of taking the whole day's waiting, because he had given it. He would often indeed stay in the antechamber till the shirt was given, out of civility to the gentlemen of the bedchamber, but I believe there was seldom a week in which he did not once or twice assert his right, which we were neither surprised nor angry at. The late Lord Pembroke was not groom of the stole while I was gentleman of the bedchamber, so I cannot tell of my own knowledge how it was in his time, but I always understood that it was as in the Duke of Argyle's time. As for Lord Godolphin, I never saw him, and I believe he never did wait a single day, so that no precedent can be drawn from his time.

This is all that I can say upon this subject.

If the Duke of York should (as if present he

he must) give the King his shirt, would he be expected to take that whole day's waiting ?

CHESTERFIELD

Note.—In the Court of the Princess of Wales (Caroline of Anspach) the Duchess of St. Albans was instructed by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, about the place of the *Groom of the Stole.* " In all the Courts that I have seen, the *Groom of the Stole* has the first Place, and next her the Lady in Waiting, whatever quality she may be of, and after them two all the Ladies are placed according to their own Titles."—Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, 1714–20, app.

London, Monday morning

MY DEAR LORD,

When I desired you to take your soup with me on Thursday, I did not reflect that it was public court day at Kensington, which I would by no means have you miss ; therefore if you please to being on the pleasure which I always have in your company one day sooner, and come to my hermitage on Wednesday next, it will answer both our purposes better. The Duke of Newcastle will according to custom either make you wait

wait or keep you in conversation very long, but however you will get away from him full time enough to come here afterwards, be that time what it will. You are worth waiting for, though one waits for you with more impatience than for anybody else.

CHESTERFIELD

London, October y^e 19TH, 1765

MY DEAR LORD,

Every mark of your friendship and remembrance must always be extremely welcome to one who is so much attached to you as I am. The havior which I received yesterday consequently was so. What cruelties do we rational creatures, as we call ourselves, exercise upon those that we are pleased to call irrational, only for the sake of gratifying our palates! If the bucks in London could ever be good for anything I should less regret their castration. I have always been of your opinion as to long residence in the country, for I cannot look upon it as a scene of social life; there are more people than men, and more company than society. In fine weather I believe it is wholesome, and the spirits which exercise gives one, enables one for a time to bear

bear the company, but *a la longue* there is nothing like a capital. St. Evremont says, "*qu'un honnête homme doit vivre et mourir dans une capitale, et qu'il n'y en a que trois au monde, qui sont Rome, Paris, et Londres.*" I agree with him in both his propositions. I will get the Chevalier Stuart, and carry him with me to Bath, where I go next Saturday. Your recommendation is sufficient to make me expect both pleasure and instruction from him. His being a Jacobite I suppose was owing to early impressions in his education which we seldom or never get entirely the better of, especially with regard to familiar occurrences ; but in sciences which require application and a thread of close reasoning there is little room left for prejudices, and if Euclid were now alive and had been bred up a Jacobite from his youth I dare say he would have been a Jacobite still, though he would have been infinitely above prejudices in his geometrical reasonings. On Saturday next I set out for Bath as I mentioned before as much to shift the scene as to drink the waters, where I flatter myself that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. It is a shame you was not there ten days ago to assist at the consecration of Lady Huntingdon's Chapel by the most eminent hand, namely Dr. Whitfield, who went to Bath on purpose."

Bath, November y^e 13TH, 1765

MY DEAR LORD,

If you are confined without pain, which I hope is the case, I am in no great pain for you; your books and your friend Mr. Hemmington will preserve you from *ennui*, besides the resources which every man like you finds in himself; for *Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.* However, I confess that every restraint upon our natural liberty, whether political, civil, or physical, is extremely disagreeable. I dislocated my knee forty years ago, which gave me exquisite pain for one day and confined me to my room for above a month, but at the end of that time, with the help of a bandage about four inches broad and which I wore above a year, I got abroad again and walked very well. If there was any dislocation in your case, I earnestly recommend a bandage to you for a considerable time.

Here has been a congress of the ex-ministers, as the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sandwich, Lord Weymouth, and most of the others, who probably have been taking counsel against the Lord and his annointed, in plain terms, against Lord Bute and the King. We shall probably

probably know the result of it at the meeting of the Parliament and not before. Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, and Dr. Madan's acting in it, is now the great *spectacle* of this place. Saints and sinners equally crowd to see the one and hear the other. The Doctor preached there three (?) times last Sunday, and all allow that the spirit endued him with most extraordinary powers. My kinswoman Lady Harrington by my means got tickets from Lady Huntingdon, for it is so crowded that she found herself obliged to give out tickets. But whether my kinswoman is the proper soil for that sort of seed to fructify in may be doubtful, but Lady Huntingdon is in great hopes. Here is nothing else that you would care to hear or I to write ; a great crowd of a few sick, and an infinite number of well frivolous people who think they divert themselves because they are in motion all day long.

CHESTERFIELD

Bath, December y^e 6TH, 1765

MY DEAR LORD,

I wish that there were twenty Lord Huntingdons, whereas unfortunately there are not

not two in this Kingdom, who could read history with your sagacity, and would communicate to me their observations upon it with your justness, I should then have a much clearer notion of it than at present I have. I entirely adopt your opinion about the Egyptians, whom I never admired, from anything that I ever read or saw of them. Their works of art, of which there are still many remains, are the coarsest and the rudest things I ever saw ; their Pyramids are strange unformed heaps of stones raised by the pride of some of their silly Kings, without taste or proportion ; and in their bustos and statues, their bungling sculpture adds deformity even to their black faces. But it seems we must revive them, because Moses is supposed to have got his vast knowledge from thence. And perhaps he did, but whether his works will do great honour to Egypt, or not, I submit to you. One thing indeed is very extraordinary in them, which I have found in no other historian, which is that he records the time of his own death, and the place of his own burial, but that is supposed to be prophetical, and so be it. Upon the whole *ce Moyse n'est pas mon homme*, as old La Fontaine said with his usual naiveté, to some people who had advised him to read the works of St. Paul, "*Ce St. Paul là, ce n'est pas mon homme.*" I confess my incredulity

dulity in history in general, which increases in proportion to the antiquity of the historian, nor have I implicit faith in the most modern, for I will undertake to show in every historian, both ancient and modern, some facts attested which no rational creature can possibly believe, such as they (*sic*) Oracles of Delphos, the miracles in Livy, and the Ghost in my Lord Clarendon, that appeared to the Duke of Buckingham, though to very little purpose. You cannot imagine, My dear Lord, how I abridge history in the reading of it, by skipping all miracles which I am sure nobody knows anything of, and all the accounts of battles, which the historians themselves know nothing of, except Polybius and Caesar. I flatter myself that I am now extremely well with Lady Huntingdon and all those who are of the Household of Faith, for I went the other day to hear Dr. Madan at Huntingdon's Chapel, but though I carried my trumpet with me I could not hear one word he said, but I saw enough of him not to wonder at his being so popular a preacher, for he is a very fine figure, has very graceful actions, white hands and a white handkerchief, both which he displays properly to his audience, and shows them that all is fair. All these little external advantages will have more weight with the wisest man in the world, than he himself is aware of or could believe. I am

am sorry that you are advised to use the cold bath for your knee; it may possibly do you good, but I think it is much more probable that it may both fix the swelling and the pain there. I have now, I think, got pretty near all the good that this place can or will afford me, so that I propose leaving it in about a fortnight for the Capital, which is my native air, and for which I have always had a sort of Swiss longing, and where I have, oftener than I can have anywhere else, the pleasure of seeing you.

CHESTERFIELD

Black-heath, August y^e 15TH, 1768

MY DEAR LORD,

Though I should most readily subscribe to anything you approve of, without examination, yet having nothing else to do, I read the enclosed papers and think Mr. Prior's proposal very reasonable and proper.

As you had royal leave of absence, I think you did very well to avail yourself of it and stay in the country, and there to follow your business and enjoy your amusements. We have seen Kings enow, and consequently know

know that there is very little difference between them, except in size and complexion. I have not yet seen his Danish Majesty, and probably shall not, but I have had a very particular account of him, from those who have. He is very little, very white, and very young of age, he has very strong animal spirits, with a very weak understanding. A happy composition! He is what the French call *un freluquet*, and the vulgar English a *whipper-snapper*. He has with him his chief minister, Monsieur Bernsdorf, an able man, and his favourite, Monsieur Holke, a very incapable one. The former governs, whenever the latter will let him, and not otherwise. He goes to York races the latter end of this week, of which I give you this early notice, that if you are inclined to employ your time and your money very ill, you may invite him to your mansion seat in Yorkshire. The newspapers will give you his journal, and it is a happy event for them at this dead time of the year.

CHESTERFIELD

Black-heath, August y^e 30TH, 1769

MY DEAR LORD,

Whatever you sign, I will readily undersign, without enquiry or examination from a well-grounded faith in your infallibility; but in the present case you will not allow me that merit, for you convince my reason, and I return you here enclosed the paper which you sent me relative to Repton School, signed by myself, or, to use a regal style, *teste me ipso.*

My wretched carcase, which you so kindly interest yourself in, grows, as is natural at my age, more and more out of repair every day, and will admit of no other support than some temporary props occasionally applied. Unfortunately, there are no props for the mind, and, upon my word, I find mine wants them full as much as my body. This is the ordinary course of Nature, from which I am sure I have no claim to an exclusive privilege.

Though politics, like oysters, are only good in the R months, I amuse myself in the meantime with reading the historical events which have either happened, or not happened, in the public and daily Advertisers, Evening

Evening Posts, Chronicles, etc., and I have lately observed there with the utmost concern a Civil war beginning between our Young Nobility and the Bears. Indeed, my dear Lord, you greatly over-value my friendship; I do not mean as to the truth and tenderness of it, which cannot be exceeded, but as to the value of it, for be persuaded that anybody who has known you as long and as well as I have done, will have the same sentiments for you.

CHESTERFIELD

Harrison & Sons, Ltd., St. Martin's Lane, London.

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